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MARCH 6, 1981

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
L EYES ON POLAND
—see page 244

NATIONAL REVIEW

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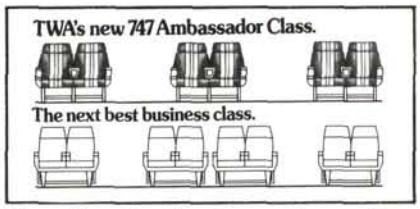

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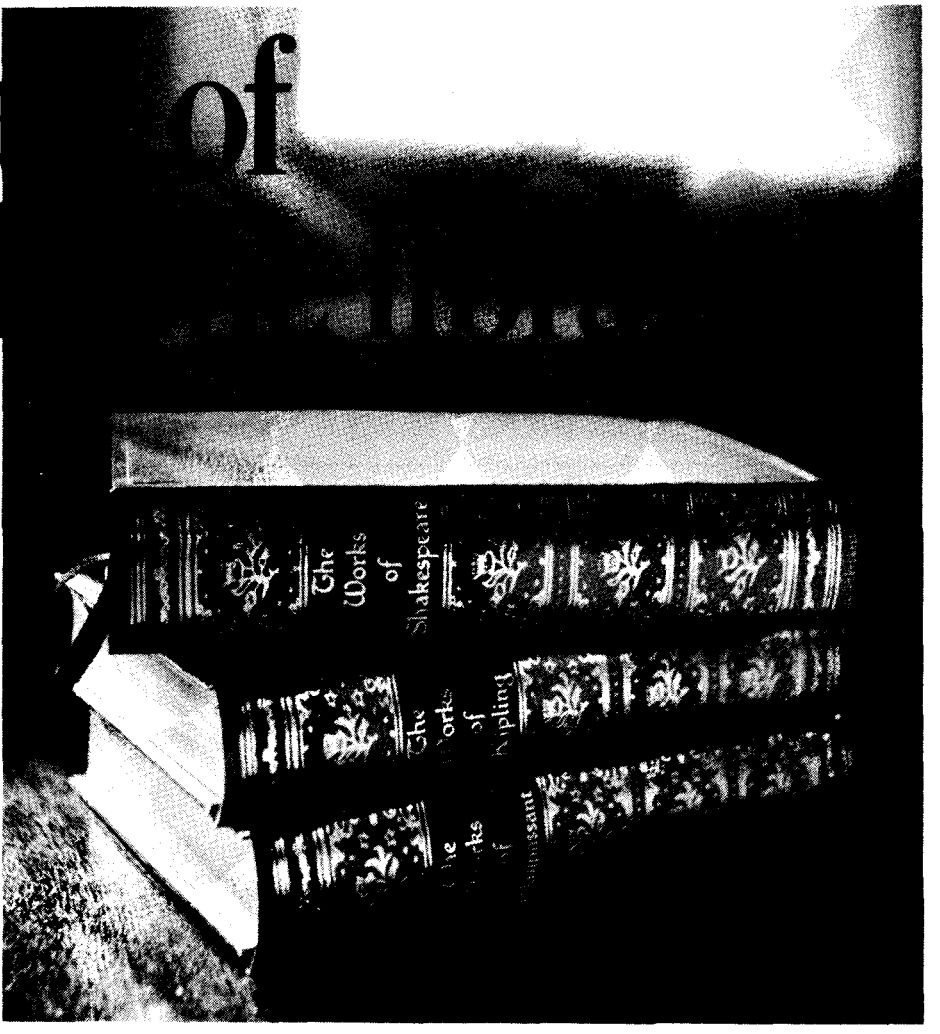

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Divergent Views on the Problems of the Volunteer Armed Forces:

215 The Senator's View
Is the AVF, as critics contend, too dumb? too small? too black? too expensive? The fact is, those critics don't know the half of it—but their prescriptions are wrong anyway. The draft wouldn't give us the right numbers of the right kinds of people. For that, we need to reverse other recruiting policies.
Bill Armstrong

217 The Major's View
There is a misconception abroad that our military men are grossly underpaid. This just doesn't square with the facts: the private's pay has soared, and so has the officer's. And yet one crucial class of our Armed Services *has* been poorly appreciated and rewarded. We've all but forgotten the men who make things work. *Joseph A. Rehyansky*

Articles & Columns

222 A Hero Reborn
Fernando Belaúnde is back in power in Peru, after that country's 12-year Marxist fling. A romantic who once fought a duel with sabers on a rooftop, he has the warm esteem of his chastened country, whose Spanish and Inca heritages he loves equally. Now to rebuild. *Selden Rodman*

225 Once More, without Feeling
Is sex fun? In *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, Gay Talese gives two answers: the one he thinks he's giving, and the one his evidence yields.
Ernest van den Haag

228 The Moral Minority and the Savior
The Left has staked out El Salvador as its next Utopia, and the religious press has been especially eager to swallow this line. But when has "socialism" ever led to social justice? *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

230 Victor Navasky's *Naming Names* reviews the Hollywood blacklist era, forgives penitent finks, and finds the Hollywood Ten "moral exemplars." **Kenneth S. Lynn** credits Navasky with, at least, greater subtlety than "the cultural commissars of yore." . . . **Joseph Sobran** tries to follow the logic of Godfrey Hodgson, who, in *All Things to All Men*, argues that it's a good thing Richard Nixon was stopped from violating the Constitution but too bad other Presidents have such a hard time violating it, or something. . . . Aaron Wildavsky tells *How to Limit Government Spending*. A good symptom, says **William F. Rickenbacker**, but not such a good book. . . . Harrison Salisbury coos pompously over his employer; **William Murchison** winces. . . . **Matthew Gurewitsch** reflects on New York's two great ballet companies and their traditions. . . . **Nika Hazelton** attends a wine tasting—with a difference. . . . Further notes on the Blue Collar Woodstock, by **D. Keith Mano**.

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Cover design by James W. O'Bryan

NATIONAL REVIEW is published bi-weekly by National Review, Inc., at 150 E. 35th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10016. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional mailing offices.

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Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editors, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc., to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th St., New York, N.Y. 10016. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile.

RATES: *$24.00 a year (26 issues). Add $2.00 for Canada, $4.00 for other foreign subscriptions, per year. The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope, is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.*

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Letters

The Insular Press

Regarding your article "Nation in Our Midst: The Cuban Diaspora" [Feb. 20]: Is it not the final test of the "bureaucratization" of our media that the sum of experience of 120,000 Cubans, emigrating within 11 months to this country, is so steadfastly dismissed? These Cubans suffer from a venerable tradition of the American press: ignoring the first-hand information of émigrés, on the grounds that they are "biased." (Although the majority of recent émigrés are lower-class, the myth persists that only middle-class Cubans are discontent with Castro.) Cambodians, Russians, Chinese—we are a nation of foreigners, blind to foreign reality.

Joseph Cohn
Chicago, Ill.

Reasonable Discord

Charles Kesler's attack on traditionalism in favor of a conservatism based on "reason" is founded on a fallacious assumption ["The Reasonableness of Conservatism," Dec. 31]. Mr. Kesler assumes that conservatism's transition from an opposition force to a governing coalition requires that the principles of its various parties be completely harmonious. Such reasoning may be applicable to leftist parties, which seek to enlarge the role of the state in disparate ways, but since conservatives seek to limit the state, they can do so in spite of their somewhat diverse philosophies. Indeed, the present coalition of classical liberals and traditionalists has been mutually beneficial and has yielded the successful fusionist philosophy which George Nash described in the Twentieth Anniversary Issue.

Emil Arca
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Final Payments

Re: Remitting to Iran ["The Week," Feb. 6]: Remember that great investment opportunity, spotted for us by the late JFK? Yes—UN bonds!

If the bonds have not been cut up and bound into scratch pads by the Treasury, we should let Iran share in that bonanza.

Thomas M. Greer
Pisgah Forest, N.C.

The Camel's Back

Richard M. Langworth ["The Browning of Detroit," Jan. 23] makes some interesting and accurate points regarding the U.S. auto industry, but altogether missed the fundamental cause of Detroit's problems. Basically, consumers prefer foreign products.

Note that foreign competitors must comply with federal regulations, as well as domestic manufacturers. Most popular foreign cars already exceed mandated fuel economy standards, while Detroit seeks to have the standards relaxed. Even if the Feds relax the economy standards, Thunderbirds will not outsell Toyotas.

The sad truth is that most of this regulation was initiated under Republican Administrations and surely contributes in some measure to Detroit's problem. However, Americans are still buying cars—foreign cars. Detroit's problem is its shortsightedness over the past twenty years, while the public was turning toward smaller (and in many cases, better) Japanese cars.

Edward B. Teague
Yarmouth Port, Mass.

Mr. Langworth Replies

Our government and media have sold the public the notion that Detroit is able, like a tie-tack manufacturer, to drastically alter the product overnight. It take five years minimum to research, design, engineer, and produce a new car. In America, because of the size of the physical plant and the market, it also takes billions of dollars. For decades imports had the advantage of being able to select their own, highly specialized market—which was naturally the fuel-efficient small car field they were already serving at home. Only recently did that specialty field exceed 10 per cent of the American market. And it is easy to comply with government regulations with non-diversified products, particularly if your own government's regulations are at least as strict (as is the case with Japan).

Detroit's leading product problems are 1) too many models reflecting now-inappropriate market criteria and 2) low quality vis-à-vis the imports. The former is being attended to as fast as the industry can move. The latter remains a problem, largely because of the plethora of options Detroit offers its diverse market, compared to the relatively option-free imports. Neither of these ingredients could have poisoned the stew by itself; add government to the recipe and you come up with a virulent potion indeed.

Richard M. Langworth
Contoocook, N.H.

At Sea

I find it astounding that Charles Burton Marshall, in arguing for conscription, so flippantly dismisses "preference for market forces" ["Taking War Seriously," Dec. 31].

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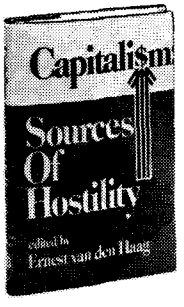

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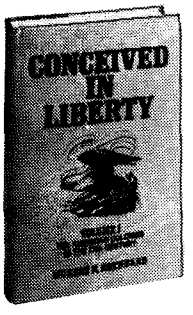

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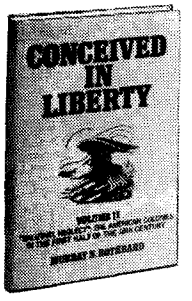

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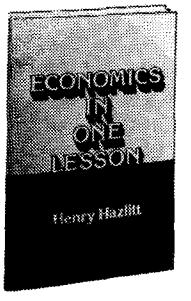

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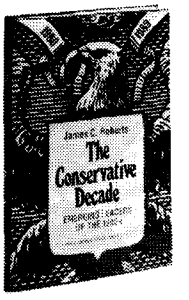

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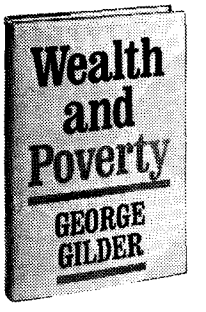

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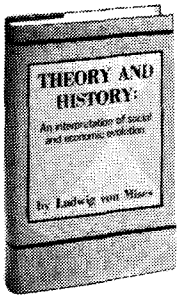

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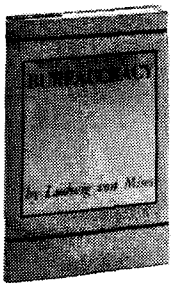

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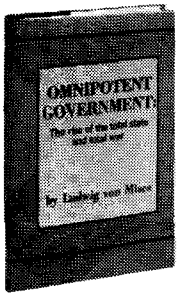

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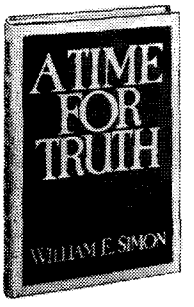

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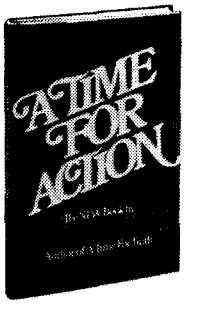

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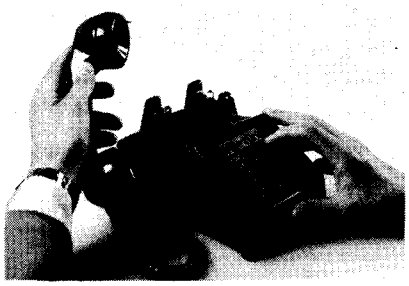

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Based upon my experience (three years as a naval officer during the Vietnam era), ignoring market forces accomplishes nothing whatsoever of a positive nature, from the point of view of society as a whole, or from that of the service in particular.

The cost to society of a draftee is the goods and services he would have produced had he not been drafted. To the extent that military wages are lower, the cost is *obscured*, not avoided. Thus, if I am earning $10,000 per year in a civilian occupation, and I am drafted at $5,000, the cost to society is still $10,000. The fact that the cost is understated leads military management to utilize more labor services relative to machinery than it otherwise would. In the Navy, this phenomenon is manifested by that absurd ritual in which seamen are kept busy by an incessant routine of chipping and painting (by hand, of course). A friend who served in the Army told of a platoon of soldiers on their hands and knees removing grass from the cracks in the sidewalk with screwdrivers. With this situation prevailing, it is not at all irrational to continue to maintain obsolete equipment (e.g., barracks and other facilities built to serve for the duration of the Second World War).

Furthermore, since all draftees are obtained at a uniform price, regardless of qualifications or previous experience, there is little incentive to get the most from a draftee by putting him to work at a task for which he is most qualified. So, in the military, it has become a cliché to observe that civilian cooks are transformed into military truck drivers, and vice versa.

Few things irk me as much as reading pronouncements that the concept of the volunteer Armed Forces has "failed." When we tolerate a situation in which an enlisted man with a wife and two children qualifies for food stamps, when most Armed Forces personnel must have a second job, it seems to me that it takes an enormous amount of *chutzpah* to suggest that the military's manpower problems will be solved by reverting to the draft. Appeals to patriotism are fine, but when we make patriotism an expensive proposition for potential volunteers, it is to be expected that we will not have very many takers.

Edward J. Guelpa
Seal Beach, Calif.

I am reminded of Edmund Burke's words: ". . . the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever." —CBM

Having been close witness to the steady erosion of our capacity to mobilize our industrial and human resources to meet the exigencies of national defense, I proffer a resounding salute to Charles Burton Marshall for his splendid article. His con-

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The Untax Specialist

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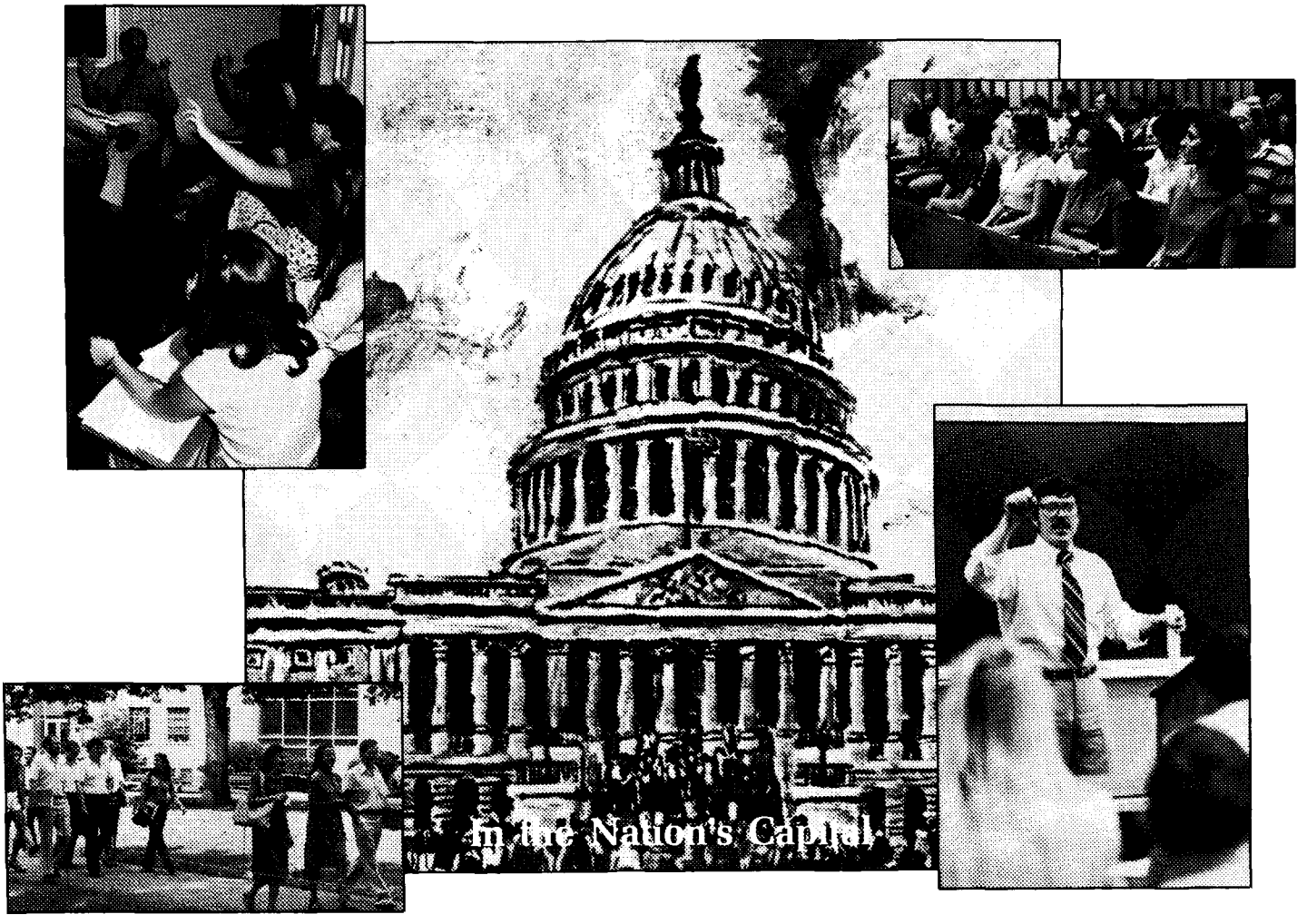

Summer — 1981

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clusions are unassailable. We are ill-prepared—materially and attitudinally—to cope successfully with the contingency of major war. We will remain so until our citizenry recognizes that measures to ready for incipient conflict, no less than those required in the instant, are everybody's business.

Richard G. Stilwell
General, U.S. Army (Ret.)
Arlington, Va.

Wrong Address

In your 25th Anniversary issue, Mr. Buckley, in speaking of Willmoore Kendall's academic wanderings ["The Founding Editors"], mentions that one of the schools where Kendall taught after leaving Yale in 1961 was UCLA. The fact is that the school where he taught that year (1962-63) was California State University, Los Angeles, or Los Angeles State College, as it was known then—LASC for short.

I should know about Kendall's having been here. He was my office-mate, and occasionally read to me drafts of NATIONAL REVIEW articles and book reviews.

Addison Potter
Professor of Political Science
California State University
Los Angeles, Calif.

Reconstruction

Re Eugene McCarthy's admonishment to new legislators ["For the Record," Jan. 23] to "vote against anything introduced with a 're' in it," I agree wholeheartedly—unless, of course, it is legislation introduced by *Re*agan to *re*verse the inflation rate, *re*duce taxes, *re*cover the economy, *re*store jobs, *re*scind the Department of Education, *re*build our military forces, and *re*establish America's credibility and prestige throughout the world.

Ray W. Pruitt
Snyder, Tex.

Free Words Anew

I join Carol Griffith ["Letters," Feb. 6] in congratulating your editorialist for reviving the fine old word "swivet"—which, by the way, was abridged from the Random House Unabridged. You are to be congratulated even more for your resurrection of the elegant word "velleity." I have seen it, I think, only once before, in T. S. Eliot's "Portrait of a Lady":

And so the conversation slips
Among velleities and carefully caught
regrets . . .

Is that where you also first saw it? You and Mr. Eliot use it with perfect accuracy, as one might expect. For years I exposed my students to the word, but I have no way of knowing whether or not any of them retained it. I welcome it back; may it thrive.

Ray Irwin
Chapel Hill, N.C.

HE'D RATHER BE RIGHT!

William A. Rusher

When New York University's School of Law presented its "Distinguished Citizen Award" to William A. Rusher in 1973, it declared that the honor was being conferred on him "in recognition of his able articulation of the conservative viewpoint."

Former Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis put it this way after one Rusher talk: "I sit on many a dais and hear a great many speeches, but it has been years since I have heard anything quite so fine."

To the *New York Times*' liberal columnist Tom Wicker, on the other hand, Rusher is just "terrifyingly articulate."

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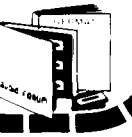

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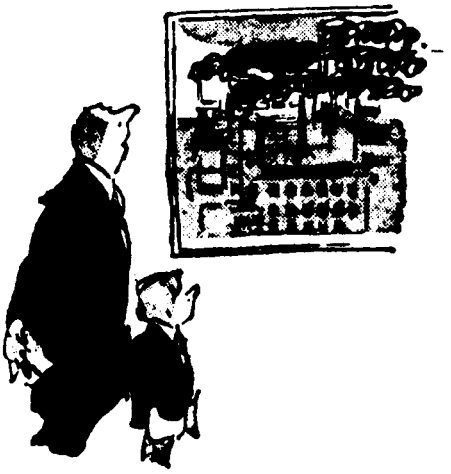
FOR THE RECORD

■ Honeymoon over? **Reagan**'s budget cuts have Democrats gathering wagons in a circle. House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** warned: "We're not going to ram through everything he's asking. . . . Haste makes waste." . . . Rep. **Dan Rostenkowski** says, "I can't remember when we have had less consensus, less time, or more at stake." Rostenkowski is chairman of Ways and Means Committee, which will handle Reagan tax package. Thanks to Democratic maneuvering, Committee is stacked 2 to 1 with Democrats though they account for only 56 per cent of House. . . . By divulging seven social programs that won't get axe, White House headed off some potential opponents, said liberal Rep. **Margaret Heckler** (R., Mass.) after a trip back home. "If people support these cuts in liberal Massachusetts, there must be support all over." . . . But opposition is coming from predictable places, such as **AFL-CIO** and **Naderites**. **Ralph Nader** has written Reagan and OMB head **David Stockman**: "If you are truly interested in waste, look into the billions of dollars of tax breaks for multinational corporations before you make it harder for poor people to receive minimum legal services." . . . Since Stockman has taken so much heat, Reagan has assured him: "We won't leave you out there alone, Dave. We'll all come to the hanging."

■ Lest there be any doubt where the Administration stands on **abortion**, **Marjory Mecklenburg**, president of American Citizens Concerned for Life, is under consideration for head of Office of Adolescent Pregnancy Programs. Dr. **J. C. Willke**, president of National Right to Life Committee, says human-life amendment has around fifty supporters in Senate (where it needs 67) and around 250 in House (where it needs 291). . . . Annual meeting of **pro-abortion** National Abortion Rights Action League has just one issue on its agenda: human-life amendment. . . . Following example of New Right, Old Left **National Committee for an Effective Congress** now has hit-list of its own that includes four GOP senators: **William Roth** (Del.), **Richard Lugar** (Ind.), **Harrison Schmitt** (N.M.), **S. I. Hayakawa** (Calif.)—and independent **Harry Byrd** (Va.). . . . Conservative National Political Action Committee has placed **Ted Kennedy** at top of its '82 hit-list. . . . Ready for '84? **Walter Mondale** and Ted Kennedy have formed political action committees to prepare their drives for White House. Mondale's group is Committee for America's Future; Kennedy's is Fund for a Democratic Majority. . . . UCLA economist **Thomas Sowell** has announced formation of national black group for purpose of countering NAACP and other liberal civil-rights groups. It will be called Black Alternatives Association. Sowell's December interview in libertarian *Reason* prompted one "Mississippi Confederate" to quip that she wanted to be bused to his school.



Holland, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"We'd never have been able to afford the Industrial Revolution at today's energy prices, my boy."

■ Conservative hurrahs: former aide to **James Buckley**, **William Schneider**, has been named associate director of budget for National Security Program at Pentagon. . . . Gen. **Edward Rowney**, who resigned **Carter** SALT team rather than endorse SALT II, will return as director of Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. . . . Who's minding the store at Committee on the Present Danger? Outfit has been decimated by Reagan win. Following board members had to take leave of absence: **Richard V. Allen** (National Security Council head); **Martin Anderson** (assistant to President for policy development); James Buckley (Under Secretary of State for coordination of security assistance programs); **William J. Casey** (CIA head); **Fred Iklé** (Under Secretary of Defense for Policy); **Jeane Kirkpatrick** (U.S. Ambassador to UN); **John F. Lehman Jr.** (Secretary of Navy); **Richard Pipes** (National Security Council). . . . **Angela M. Buchanan**, sister of columnist **Patrick Buchanan**, has been nominated for U.S. Treasurer. She was treasurer of Reagan campaign. . . . Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, disbanded in 1977, has been revived by Judiciary Committee Chairman **Strom Thurmond**. Senate move should give a boost to effort by Rep. **Larry McDonald** to revive House Committee on Internal Security. . . . *Review of the News* reports **Capitol Hill Progressive Staff Coalition**, satellite of Institute for Policy Studies, attracted 150 people to its first session of 97th Congress.

■ Another honor for **Alger Hiss**. His photo now graces Harvard's alumni hall of fame. Speculation is Harvard was envious of Yale, which has a statue of **Nathan Hale**.

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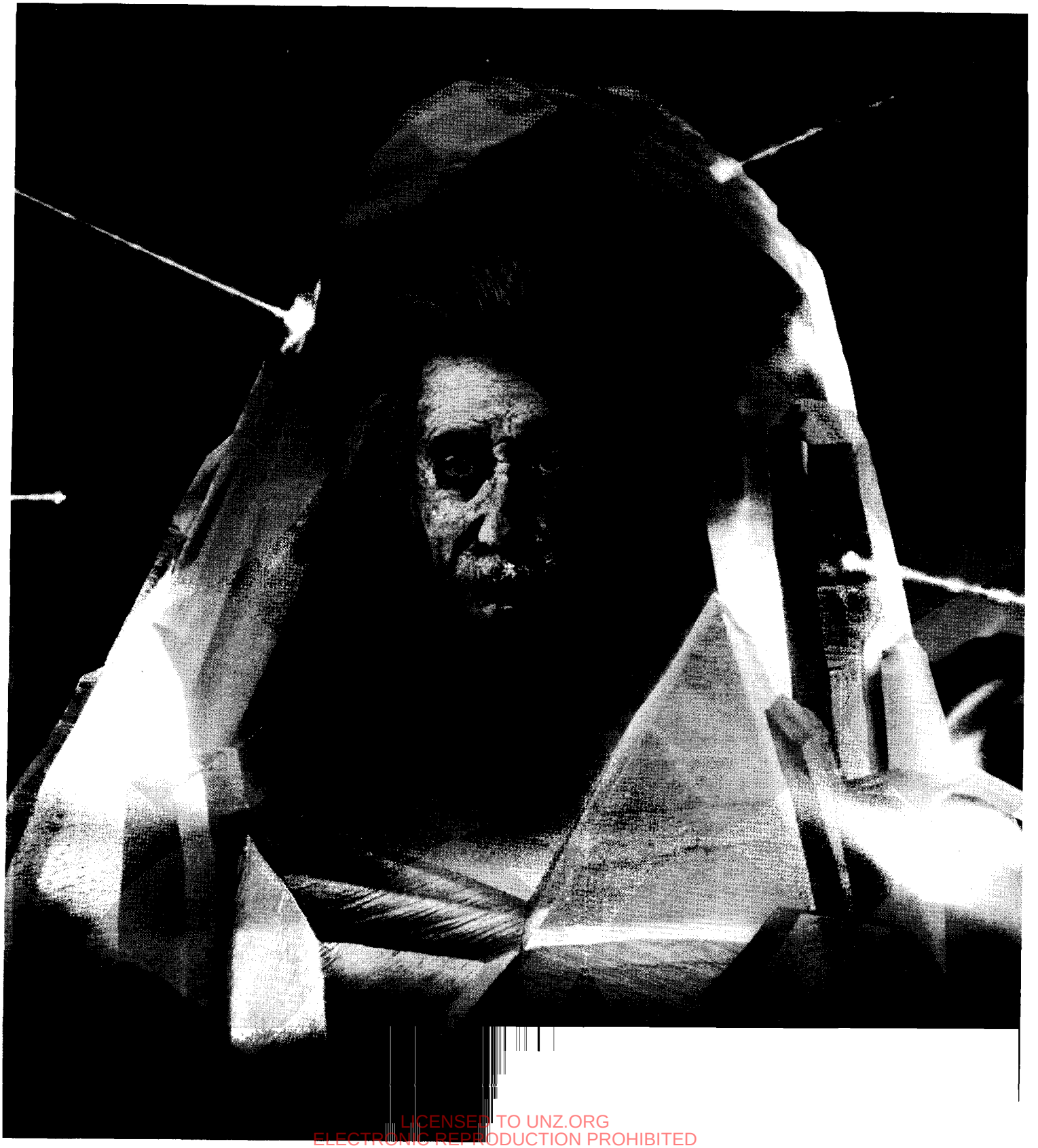

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THE WEEK

■ LOS NUEVOS DOMINÓS. Amnesty International reports that Guatemala's government has been guilty of massive human-rights violations, including five thousand killings of people seized without warrant, since 1978. You'll be hearing much more about the corrupt and repressive regime of Guatemala, which is right next to El Salvador, which is right next to Nicaragua.

■ The murder of (at last count) 17 black children in Atlanta does not appear to be a "racial issue" in the usual sense, nor does the case of June Cromer, the schizoid murderer of a black child in Oakland. It is difficult to arrive at any conclusion, given the murkiness of the evidence, about the precise character of the multiple assaults recently carried out against blacks in Upstate New York. But something peculiar seems to be going on. Insanity is always with us, but its expression varies with the sane climate of opinion. Thus, just this side of the certifiable, we have had Nazi and Klan candidates for public office who have run surprisingly strongly. We may suppose that a climate of irritation with black demands has come into being, as well as a climate of anger over federal initiatives, and that this is so widespread that the lunatics are beginning to pick it up and act upon it. If so, this would be one more unintended consequence, a tragic one, of the schemes of our social engineers.

■ Rosedale, Queens, New York, is a neighborhood in a borough in a city. Currently it harbors a hot racial school controversy—the city school board wants to close down the four-year-old public-school "annex" there, so that white Rosedale kids will go to a nearby black school in Springfield Gardens. Integration, you know. Got to have it. The black school seems to be a perfectly decent one, no violence, no scholastic problems to speak of. It's just that the Rosedale people treasure their own neighborhood, whose small-town coziness has helped stem white flight to the suburbs. And now the air rings with two-way charges of racism, prejudice, criminality, you name it. Soon the Springfield Gardens school will be integrated and all black.

■ "Is a society redeemed if it provides massive safeguards for accused persons including pre-trial freedom for most crimes, defense lawyers at public expense, trials and appeals, re-trials and more appeals —almost without end—and yet fails to provide elementary protection for its decent, law-abiding citizens?" Thus Chief Justice Warren Burger to the Houston convention of the American Bar Association. And even more succinctly: "Why do we show indignation over alien terrorists and such tolerance for the domestic variety?" Does poverty cause crime? "The crime rate today exceeds our crime rate during the Great Depression." Prescriptions: "Swift arrest, prompt trial, certain penalty, and—at some point—finality of judgment." As currently constituted, "our system encourages prisoners to continue warfare with society." A speech of substance, but even more important is its resonance: it will radiate the message that America's institutions are again ready to defend themselves—the opposite of the message transmitted by Warren, Black, and Douglas during the Sixties.

■ The question back in the mid-Seventies was: Had Edward M. Korry, as U.S. Ambassador to Chile in 1970, known about or played any part in a White House-supported scheme to prevent the installation of Salvador Allende as president of Chile by a military coup, if that proved necessary. Investigative reporters Seymour Hersh and Jack Anderson indicated Korry was involved; so did Senators Frank Church and Charles Percy and the staffs of two senatorial committees that investigated CIA involvement in Chilean affairs; so did the *New York Times* and the rest of the tag-along press. Korry denied he had played any such role—denied under oath, in fact, that the U.S. Government had played any such role—and he presented the Church committee with documents showing he had repeatedly urged President Nixon and national security advisor Henry Kissinger not to get involved in schemes with the Chilean military. (What Korry didn't know—it had been kept from him—was that the CIA station in Santiago had gotten a go-ahead on the project.) Korry's documents were not contained in the final report of the Church committee, and it was widely assumed that he had lied to cover up for the Administration. When Korry tried to get the press to report his side of the story he ran into a stone wall. As Seymour Hersh now confesses: "This correspondent,

Rude Words

When Reagan called the Russians "cheats,"
I overheard some nervous bleats
(And read some in the *New York Times*)
On judgments harsher than the crimes;
Indeed, the shock was so intense
For liberals astride the fence
That some still wear a little frown,
Suggesting trouble sitting down.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Though conservatives continue to express unhappiness with Reagan Administration appointments, three developments in the past few weeks should hearten them somewhat. William Wilson, a Los Angeles businessman who is de facto head of Ronald Reagan's kitchen cabinet, has set up shop in the Old Executive Building and is weighing in with strong recommendations for conservative candidates. Wilson, a close friend of Reagan's and a genial straight-shooter, has met with New Right leaders and Reagan campaign workers who feel left out in the cold by White House personnel operation. Another encouraging sign is the emergence of Lyn Nofziger as a powerful figure in the Administration. Nofziger is now located in Nixon's old office in the OEB, down the hall from Wilson. Nofziger has also been busy mending conservative fences, and his stock with Washington insiders soared after Reagan visited his new office following his first press conference. Final reason for cheer is the role played by Richard Williamson, a Washington lawyer with faultless Establishment credentials who is also a heart-and-soul conservative. It was Williamson who handled arrangements for the meeting between Reagan and Right-to-Life officials after their massive demonstration in Washington. Williamson was personally chosen by chief of staff James Baker. As one conservative put it: "There is a Reagan underground in the Reagan Administration." A final critical appointment was that of Don Devine to the top post at the Office of Personnel Management. Intelligent and immensely qualified, Devine has strong support from conservatives in the Administration and on the Hill.

■ Talk on Capitol Hill turns increasingly to a possible run for the Presidency by Senator Orrin Hatch (R., Utah) should Reagan decide not to seek a second term. A tall, handsome Mormon with a growing name as a corruption-fighter, Hatch is expected to use his Senate Labor Committee to look into festering problems of union racketeering. Hatch is also one of a bipartisan group of senators and representatives who were expected to support the candidacy of Pentagon whistle-blower Ernest Fitzgerald for post of Comptroller General. Fitzgerald, who enraged past Administrations with his exposures of waste in programs like the C-5A and TFX fighter-bomber is expected to be opposed strenuously by Washington's legal-bureaucratic Establishment, which wants someone as docile as Elmer Staats, the retiring Comptroller General. The post is important because whoever gets it will be in charge of the General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress that has carte blanche to investigate wrongdoing and waste in any federal department. Reagan, who constantly attacked waste and fraud in government on the campaign trail, is expected to be disposed toward a Fitzgerald candidacy; but many Fitzgerald supporters fear that there may be business-as-usual types in the Administration who will try to prevent Reagan from appointing him.

■ Critics of the appointment of Caspar Weinberger as Secretary of Defense may want to reconsider. A Reagan Administration official argues as follows: There is no dispute within the Administration about defense policy and about the general nature of the weapons systems that will be put in place to solve the problem of military weakness. The real problem at the Pentagon is the uncontrollable bureaucracy, the Brass Hat bureaucrats who are more concerned with their efficiency reports and their political maneuvering than they are with strategic doctrine and military readiness. In a military structure top-heavy with generals and admirals, some of whom are better trained in the art of political warfare than military warfare, the commanders with the daring and originality of a MacArthur or a Patton are frequently labeled too controversial and their careers impeded. Controlling the Pentagon's massive expense overruns and fixation on impractical if technologically innovative weapons, as well as finding military commanders who are primarily fighters, not politicians, is just the sort of role a Cap Weinberger is capable of playing, argue officials defending the Weinberger appointment.

—CATO

---

in long conversations with Mr. Korry in 1975, concluded his account was *too self-serving to be credible.*" But Korry was telling the truth, as Hersh now concedes in a detailed front-page *New York Times* story (Feb. 9, 1981). It having been published in the *Times*, Korry is now certified as a non-liar, never mind that that certification comes six years after his career was blasted and his honor impugned.

■ Filipino President Ferdinand Marcos got no (zero) credit for it in the media, but he knowingly risked, and in the event graciously accepted, a public rebuke from Pope John Paul II on his violations of human rights. The networks put all the stress on the rebuke itself—failing to observe that many of the world's rulers, particularly its socialists, would never have allowed a religious leader to appear with them at all. Also unstressed: the Pope's warning to members of religious orders. "You are priests and religious," he said; "you are not social workers or political leaders or officials of a temporal power. Let us not be under the illusion that we are serving the Gospel if we dilute our charism through an exaggerated interest in the wide field of temporal problems."

■ After the initial crackdown of 1968, Czechoslovakia has enjoyed a dozen years of protracted crackdown. As described by John Stone in *The Atlantic*, the Czech economy is falling apart, Czech officials keep tightening the screws through a paper totalitarianism (thorough records on each citizen acquire devastating force as negative references for jobs, travel, education, etc.), and Czechs want *out*. ("As many as thirty thousand Czechs defected last year, one Czech former diplomat estimated.") Informers are everywhere—even children have again been known, as in the darkest

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times, to report their parents to the state. Now back to El Salvador.

■ In El Salvador, the primary requirement is to firm up a core of authority that can impose order—no easy thing in so conflict-ridden a situation, involving forces habituated to intransigence. With apparently solid support at the Capitol, the Reagan Administration has decided to help along the endeavor with stepped-up military aid, including training assistance. The support goes, of course, to the centrist regime, whose moderate intentions and meager resources are under double challenge from both revolutionary and counter-revolutionary terrorists. No one can count on an early resolution to the three-sided struggle, but there are incipient good omens. One is the leftist forces' failure to rally general support behind a vaunted final offensive earlier this year. Another—important, if confirmed—is a reported waning of support for the Salvadoran Left on the part of the Sandinista regime in neighboring Nicaragua. A third could be a revision of perspective among this country's European allies—could be, because it is by no means certain that the Reagan Administration's diplomatic efforts in that regard will succeed. The West German Social Democrats are possessed of a sentimental bias toward leftist causes in far places, and the French government, when it can do so cheaply, likes to humor preconceptions prevailing at Bonn. The evidence of Soviet-bloc involvement in El Salvador's turmoil is substantial, however, and sooner or later the Germans, and with them the French, may become convinced.

■ Reporting on the bishops' synod in Rome last fall, Father Francis X. Murphy gives readers of *The Atlantic* a melodrama in which "law" (wearing the black hat) tramples over "compassion" (white hat) in the matter of sex. Translation: the liberals lost. Father Murphy is innocent of any suspicion that the conservatives stand for anything but "the obsessive dread of hedonism—represented by sex." The Church should get with it, you see, and quit worrying that there is any hedonism to speak of abroad in the modern world. Yet Murphy's reporting is good enough to let a more complex truth slip past his own interpretation of what he is reporting on: a drama enacted not between repression and enlightenment, but between the competing claims of truth and time, grace and nature, such that even tolerance must be ready to compromise, and candor to wait for a better moment. If only reform could always be accomplished by a reflexive lurch to the left—why, Father Murphy might be pope!

■ Arguing on the *Times*' Op Ed page for a more modulated view of Soviet actualities than the one expressed recently by Ronald Reagan and Alexander Haig, our old friend George Kennan begins by quoting from *Troilus and Cressida*: "Take but degree away, untune that string / And hark! what discord follows." Kennan apparently thinks the word "degree" there means the opposite of "oversimplification." Shakespeare's Ulysses is actually referring to the degrees, that is, situations, in the social hierarchy. Was George depending upon *Bartlett's*?

■ Okay, Ralph, we found a car safe enough for you. It's the VIP Security Sedan—a 1979 customized Cadillac originally built for the Shah of Iran. Due to circumstances beyond his control, the Shah wasn't able to take delivery on the car, and it's on sale now for $155,000, $90,000 less than the original sticker price and worth every penny. The car comes equipped with many extras, including bulletproof glass, ram bumpers, remote ignition, hand-held bomb detector, tear-gas ducts, machine-gun ports, and seatbelts that signal the car's location. Under the seat next to the driver are three shotgun shells, pointing upward. Should the passenger displease the driver, a mere flick of a switch fires the bullets. End of passenger. This represented a compromise design solution. The original plan called for a system which would instantly squash the obstreperous passenger against the armored roof of the car. The Shah and Ian Fleming are driving their cars in Heaven tonight.

■ It is revealed that Amy Carter, one day last year, brought home a tough homework question on the Industrial Revolution. She asked her mom about it, and Rosalynn didn't know the answer. But mom knew how to get the answer. She had an aide call the Labor Department about it. Labor, thinking the request was from the President, put a team of computer experts on it, working overtime for the whole weekend, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars. Thus did Amy have her answer ready Monday morning. She got a "C" on the assignment.

■ The tombstone of Billy the Kid has been found in a truckdriver's home in Huntington Beach, and we are just *never* going to understand California.

The Battle Begins

We go to press hours before President Reagan delivers his economic message to Congress and to the American people. Some but not all of its features have found their way into the press, but *NR* will wait to comment at length until the entire package is available. The debate begins now, and the political battle

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will be a tough one. Already some elements of the Democratic coalition are mobilizing to attempt effective resistance: blacks, urban spokesmen, labor, welfare advocates.

One report, if true, deserves comment. The President is said to have limited tax relief for upper-income Americans because he fears the political repercussions, i.e., fears the rhetoric of egalitarian demagogues. This, if true, would be a critical mistake. The U.S. economy desperately needs investment capital. Much capital is now being dissipated in tax shelters for upper-income taxpayers. It is precisely there that a sharp tax cut would produce the quickest investment payoff. Mr. Reagan has a splendid opportunity to talk sense to the American people. What price egalitarianism?

One other point. On the day before the President's address, the *New York Times* sought to drive a wedge between Mr. Reagan and Representative Jack Kemp by exaggerating some of their differences on the economic package. The newspaper recently printed a front-page fantasy quoting Kemp as "no longer bound" to the White House plan after word that President Reagan was not going to cut taxes as much as promised. These allegations are completely false. Reagan's tax-cut bill and the Kemp-Roth bill are essentially the same. The only important difference is that the President is not asking for indexation of income taxes (which, incidentally, was not even in the original Kemp-Roth bill). The President believes that if his policies are implemented, inflation will be significantly reduced. Thus there is no need for indexation, which protects the taxpayer from being pushed into a higher income bracket by inflation. Building in instruments to live with rather than combat inflation would display a lack of confidence in supply-side policies. Those who might prefer that the Administration sink rather than swim are foiled again.

The Wave of the Past

The New York Review of Books has offered the second big economics piece in two months by Felix Rohatyn, one of New York Governor Hugh Carey's top advisors. Clearly a book is in the works, and probably the 1984 presidential platform of some ambitious Democrat (say, Hugh Carey) as well.

America's basic industries, says Rohatyn, are fast approaching the same condition New York City was in five years ago. "In 1979, U.S. Steel lost almost one half billion dollars. In 1980, the Ford Motor Company, Chrysler, and General Motors each lost between $1.5 billion and $2 billion, International Harvester almost $500 million, and Firestone $100 million." This sickliness is reflected in the decay of the Northeast. "Residents of Northeastern metropolitan areas had living standards 25 to 33 per cent below those of their Southern and Western counterparts."

Rohatyn's solution is a Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The RFC would begin with $5 billion in government funds, and issue up to $25 billion in federally guaranteed bonds. This capital would be invested in "older industries." Though the corporation would not be allowed to supply more than 50 per cent of the financing for any project, banks and insurance companies "could be asked . . . to join in committing additional capital." Another source of money would be the West. "Why not have Alaska invest some of its excess oil funds in an East Coast harbor to export coal mined in West Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania?" The unions employed by RFC-bolstered industries would be asked to make wage concessions, and changes in management could be made if the RFC "deems them appropriate." Finally, the RFC would play "a major part in a regional policy," offering low-interest loans to cities with crumbling physical plants.

Ronald Reagan was much hooted at during the campaign for having said that the economic policies of fascism inspired the New Deal, so let's just call the Rohatyn Plan socialism, minus the rhetoric of the brotherhood of man, plus after-dinner speeches to the Business Roundtable. We hope Reagan's advisors clip it out and paste it over their desks. If they fail, we'll be hearing a lot more about it.

Less Is More?

It's official—the Pentagon is the only department in Washington whose budget will rise appreciably during the first year of the Reagan Administration, though here too there will be belt-tightening. There is even a growing school of military thinkers—Colonel John Boyd (USAF, ret.); defense analyst Steven Canby; naval author Norman Polmar; William Lind, legislative

Burger Strikes a Nerve

Fancy lock and new alarm
Blossom out on house and farm
As the sterling silver goes,
Then the stereo and clothes.
Anything your grandma prized
Probably's been burglarized,
Since the law prefers to fuss
Over criminals, not us.
If the bleeding hearts should budge,
I'll remember Nixon's judge.

W. H. VON DREELE

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aide to Senator Gary Hart—who argue that a little belt-tightening might revitalize the Armed Forces.

They call their program "military reform," and contrast themselves with both traditionalists and systems analysts left over from McNamara days, who now divide the Pentagon between them. They argue that our tactics are outmoded, our weapons systems inflexible and overcomplicated, and our military structure dispirited and bureaucratized.

The problems start in the academies. "The greatest single weakness in the Armed Forces today," according to Newton Gingrich (R., Ga.), a sympathetic congressman, "is lack of knowledge of the art of war." Cadets can graduate from West Point with only a single, one-semester course in military history. Officers who have been trained to be managers take their place in a drab, managerial system; the military reformers support the adoption of British-style regiments, in which *esprit* is fostered by troops serving together for long periods.

They lodge their gravest complaints against current weaponry and strategy. Planners and defense contractors are refighting Stalingrad and Leyte Gulf. We spend huge sums on huge tanks, submarines, and carriers, when we might be better served by small carriers with vertical-takeoff airplanes, diesel subs in greater numbers, and battle tactics emphasizing rapidity and maneuver.

Like all evangelists, they undoubtedly exaggerate. Some of the most "flexible" commanders in history —Lee, Napoleon, Alcibiades—were also losers. But a fresh Administration owes them a serious hearing.

Neutron Infighting

During the presidential campaign, Ronald Reagan sharply criticized Jimmy Carter's performance on the neutron bomb and stated that if elected he would move to produce these weapons. This was bound to cause concern in Europe, particularly in West Germany, which never wanted the bomb.

In a February 3 press conference, Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger stated that the Reagan Administration "very probably" would deploy the bomb after first consulting with our allies. Presumably, Weinberger had been prudent enough to check out his statement with the President, and may even have been told by the President to make it.

The uproar in West Germany following Weinberger's remarks indicated that the Schmidt government would prefer not even to be consulted on the matter of the neutron bomb. A West German official, Kurt Becker, stated that there wasn't any reason for the bomb to be deployed in his country; privately, German officials let it be known that the German agreement to accept the new intermediate-range missiles made it impossible to revive the neutron-bomb issue.

The State Department was quick to placate the Germans, stating that Weinberger's comments did not reflect U.S. policy. The new intermediate-range missiles, the State Department said, had a higher priority than the neutron bomb in the Reagan Administration.

This gets to the heart of the matter: the new missiles, paid for entirely by the U.S. and, at Germany's insistence, completely under U.S. control, will be deployed mainly to guarantee that in the event Germany is attacked, the U.S. will conduct nuclear attacks against the Soviet Union. This in turn would ensure Soviet nuclear attacks on the U.S., as the Germans watched the missiles fly by overhead.

The neutron bomb, unlike the intermediate-range missile, is designed to keep the Red Army *out* of Western Europe—in other words, to help defend Germany while avoiding a U.S.-USSR nuclear exchange; thus the war would be fought, at least initially, on German soil. Instead, the Germans prefer to stake their security entirely on U.S. strategic nuclear deterrence, thereby having America risk its own survival in order to achieve such deterrence.

There are a couple of flies in the ointment, however. The President may wish to extend pledges for strategic nuclear guarantees to Germany, but, as Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. Armed Forces, he is also pledged to see that the lives of the 200,000 American troops in Germany are protected in case of war by the best defensive weapons available. By President Reagan's own past statements, this has to include deploying the neutron bomb in Germany as the best means of stopping Soviet armored attacks.

And there is, of course, a bottom line to all of this, which can be explained to Chancellor Schmidt, a clear if cynical thinker. If U.S. troops in Germany cannot be effectively defended against Soviet armor, then why keep them there? If U.S.—but not German —territory is to be put at risk for the defense of Germany, isn't Germany asking for a free ride strategically? Must Helmut Schmidt's domestic political imperatives forever take precedence over clear strategic logic?

Playing It Too Rough

Britain's tough, no-compromise Left Laborites got their first smell of victory last fall when they elected the leftist Michael Foot party leader. And they went on to trample the Right opposition at a special Labor conference last month in Wembley when they, in fact, changed the ground rules for the election of the party leader and possible future prime ministers. For the better part of this century the party leader has been

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Arms

chosen by the Labor Members of Parliament. Now all that is changed: he or she will be elected by three factions: the powerful leftist trade unions, with 40 per cent of the vote; the local party organizations, 30 per cent; and the parliamentarians, 30 per cent. This gives the hard Left roughly 70 per cent of the votes in the crucial selection of the next party leader. But it still doesn't go far enough for Tony Benn, who hopes to replace Foot and lead his party and Great Britain (given an electoral mandate) into lock-step doctrinaire socialism, and out of the Western alliance. Benn now advocates additional rules changes. If adopted, they would mean that cabinet members would be elected by the party at large, rather than chosen by the prime minister, and every Labor candidate running for office would have to sign a pledge to carry out the party programs if elected.

This proved too much for former Education Secretary Shirley Williams and three other well-known former Labor cabinet members: Foreign Secretary David Owen, Transport Secretary William Rodgers, and Home Secretary Roy Jenkins.

"The party I loved and worked for over so many years no longer exists," said Mrs. Williams in announcing her break with Labor, which will become official March 9. She and a dozen or more Labor MPs are now planning a new centrist Social Democratic Party, more akin to the German Social Democrats and the French Socialists than to the rigid, anti-capitalist, isolationist mold into which Benn is trying to fit the old, loosely knit and ideologically permissive Labor Party.

The response, says Mrs. Williams, has been gratifying, over ten thousand letters and pledges of support in a fortnight from Britons as worried as she is that Labor's new course is the course of no return. A London *Times* poll taken shortly after Mrs. Williams's formation of the Council for Social Democracy (the predecessor of the new party) indicated that a new Social Democratic Party in alliance with David Steel's small Liberal Party (14 per cent of the vote last time around) could win an election today.

Most political analysts, however—including, incidentally, Shirley Williams—discount that poll. With the Social Democrats and the Laborites bickering and accusing each other of treason, among other things, the immediate winner in the rending struggle for control of Britain's Labor Party would seem to be Mrs. Thatcher's Conservatives.

Liberation for the Press?

The UNESCO conference on journalism, held in Paris, got lots of attention from the American press, but less than it deserved. It raised a profound question of principle that our press has ducked for a generation.

The tribesmen, Communists, and liberals gathered in Paris weighed the proposal that journalists be licensed and, more generally, that a "new world information order" be established. What's that? The *New York Times* delicately described it as "a restructured system of world communications sought by many developing countries to promote their political and economic goals." What's that? It would mean recognizing the principle that a state has the right to control the press along with all other private associations and properties.

The Information Minister of Guyana, Frank Campbell, explained it to a *Times* interviewer: the present system "preserves old colonial principles. The developed countries retain the power to control the flow of

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news . . . so the Third World's voice is not heard outside our own countries, or only in distorted form. . . . [At present] commercialism is the basis of international journalism."

But, asked the interviewer, isn't a free press necessary to democracy? "By a free press, in the West, you mean a press owned by a few people who have a commercial monopoly, really a monopoly of the conscience of mankind. . . . You don't have a free press at all. You have a press imprisoned by commercial interests."

Campbell has a point—a diabolical point, but still a point. The free press is an aspect of free exchange. It doesn't float above the marketplace. It is a form of property, and ownership of the *New York Times* or CBS gives a man enormously more leverage than his putative equals. The case for nationalizing the press is at least as strong as the case for nationalizing a heavy industry.

In the United States, however, the press has sought to give itself airs as a "fourth branch of government," with a constitutional privilege (cf. Justice Potter Stewart) that sets it off from the crass world of trade. Media people tend to swallow leveling philosophies, to promote redistribution, to favor Left revolutions abroad—secure in the assumption that they have succeeded in severing their own interests from those of other forms of property. They are concomitantly disdainful of property rights.

Now comes Frank Campbell, like the wolf upon the fold, to remind them that the First Amendment has not yet taken effect in the Third World. And since even the U.S. press isn't truly free, but "imprisoned by commercial interests," it should know what to expect, in the years to come, from Third World liberators.

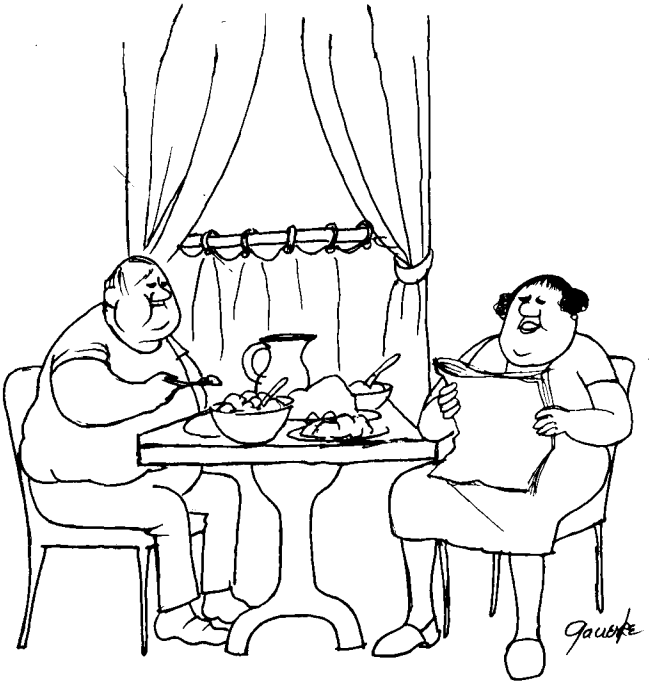
Donald W. Douglas, R I P

Don—no one ever called him anything else—was a boy of 11 and a member of the earthbound human race when the bicycle brothers from Dayton flew their engine-driven aircraft at Kitty Hawk and liberated mankind from the ground. He lived to build airplanes whose wingspan alone was longer than that first flight of the Wright boys in 1903; lived, indeed, to see men walking on the moon; to see close-up photographs of our sibling planets. His death, last week, at the age of 88, reminds us of the unimaginable leap our race negotiated in the first half of this century. The man who gave us the splendid series of jet transports lived out his boyhood whilst the family doctor was making his rounds in a horse-drawn buggy.

The Douglas DC-3, brought out in the late 1930s, was the plane that made commercial air travel possible. It had a snub nose, an engine and propeller on each wing, and—a tail wheel! It carried 21 passengers. A whole literature has been written about this one airplane alone. It is to aviation what Mr. Ford's Model T was to the open road: the beginning of everything. Some 14,000 of them were built. I took my first flight in one in 1937, the day after the *Hindenburg* disaster, scooting down from Newark to Lakehurst to survey the damage from the air. In the early 1950s I spent my Air Force career flying that same DC-3, known to ten million GIs as the Gooneybird. In the early 1960s I took a flight in the Midwest on a local airline's DC-3 and felicitated the stewardess, as I left, on her good fortune to be aboard a DC-3; she stood at the door and caressed the weathered aluminum and said, "I hope they fly forever, they're so sweet." Some two thousand of them are still flying, in remote places all over the world, and only a foolhardy man would dare to predict the day when we shall have seen the last of them. The DC-3 was the first airplane ever seen by thousands of tribes in jungles and mountains. In South America, to this day, in the back country, there is no special word for airplane. Anything seen in the air is *el Douglas.*

Don never let it go to his head. He was a Scot, an engineer, a warm-hearted man with a twinkling eye and a wonderful way of grasping your hand. He had the gift of wings and shared it with us all, and anyone who loved him and his works may be pardoned for praying that he saved a snazzy new airfoil or two to carry him, even without that inexhaustible Pratt & Whitney R-1830, straight to St. Peter and the everlasting airstrip.

—WFR



"I bet Mrs. Reagan spends more on clothes in a month than we little people spend on food for the entire year."

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Isaac Don Levine, R I P

He was a man with a cause: to right the wrong inflicted on Russia and the world by the Bolshevik betrayal of the great Russian revolution, to expose mercilessly the crimes of Stalin and the Communists, to arouse the conscience of the West against those who danced to the Kremlin's obscene tune. A premature anti-Communist in the days when submission to Moscow was fashionable, he made himself a living storehouse of facts—the indispensable minutiae of worldwide GPU murder, of the Gulag slave labor camps, of Soviet espionage.

As the defectors from Soviet terror surfaced, Isaac Don Levine was usually the first to reach them and write their stories for the mass-circulation magazines. What they told him, much of it not for publication, became part of his encyclopedic knowledge of Communist depredations. It was Levine who brought Whittaker Chambers together with A. A. Berle, then an Assistant Secretary of State, for the first recital of Alger Hiss's perfidy; it was Levine who in *Plain Talk*, the magazine he edited in the late 1940s and early 1950s for Alfred Kohlberg, exposed the cynical cover-up of the Amerasia espionage case.

Never a great writer, he was a superb and indefatigable reporter, always on the search for one more story to drive like a nail into the coffin of Communist moral pretension. To himself and to many others, he was Mr. Anti-Communist. Is it any wonder that in his later years he began to think of anti-Communism as his own particular turf, to be guarded zealously? But if his sense of his own importance was great, so was his record of journalistic achievement.

Isaac Don Levine died at age 89, a man full of years and full of accomplishments. In 1973, he published *Eyewitness to History*, summing up a life which really began when, as a 19-year-old emigrant from Russia, he took his first giant steps as a journalist. In his autobiography he took pleasure in recalling that, as the moving spirit in the Book League of America, he was the first to attempt to bring great books in paperback to the American people. But more important to him was his significant role in expounding for the world the nature and the horror of Communism's assault on human dignity. —R. DE TOLEDANO

Goodbye to All That

The preaching and the pious prayers,
The saintly Sunday morning airs
Are back in Plains, and in their place
I welcome pragmatism's face.
So burn the double standards, please;
The nations can't abide a tease,
And give a hand to Haig, whose sights
Are trained on more than "human rights."

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

I take exception to NATIONAL REVIEW's charge in its otherwise splendid 25th Anniversary issue that "half America" has wanted to make rude gestures toward me. Surely I have been more successful than that. Wishing you 25 more years of success.

Bob
[R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.]
The American Spectator
Bloomington, Ind.

■ Lans, Tyrol, Austria

Dear Bill:

On arriving home I found your novel *Who's on First* and read it immediately. I found it most exciting. But I clearly see the difficulty German publishers have with your novels. You should know that we do not have thrillers in German. We don't even have a word for it. (Only one or two books by Helen MacInnes have been translated—and no one ever heard of them.) Detective stories are something else, because there you have a riddle, which the reader is challenged to solve.

But when your book appears in German, you should make some corrections, or run the risk that pedantic readers will pick them up. Germans are sticklers!

pp. 2-5: Dohany Street in Budapest is in the heart of the shabby Jewish district, but Pest, unlike Buda, is a *very* recent city. No Gothic houses, no cobblestones.

p. 5: Not impossible, but most unlikely that a Hungarian girl should be called "Frieda." Call her Mária, Sarolta, Kinga, or Judit (Juci), or Etelka. Dohány is better than Dohany. People might remember Dohenny!!! Incidentally, Dohány means tobacco and you mention Tobacco Road.

p. 30: Pokrovskiy is more likely than Pekrovskii.

p. 34: Stick to one transliteration: Vitkovsky. The right ending of these Russian names is, in *German*, "ij": Witkowskij.

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p. 35: Kapitsa is almost impossible since there exists a famous Russian atomic physicist with the name of Pyotr Kapitsa—who was kidnapped by the Soviets. If he hasn't died, he is still alive in the USSR. This is like inventing an Austrian composer named Kenneth van Beethoven. Kapitsa is a *very* rare name!

p. 42: Ust' alone is too little. All Ust's in Russia are hyphenated places. And is there such an Ust' near Vorkuta? I doubt it.

p. 62: Is that French text faulty on purpose? I think that it should be correct.

p. 67: Sverdlov did not give the order to execute the Czar. He carried out the orders of Lenin and Yurkovskiy.

p. 85: Surely Jozsef Nagy? Nadi is *impossible*. Nagy is OK because it is a very frequent name, like Smith, or Fisher.

p. 86: Ernö, not Erno.

p. 86: Zlaty is a very un-Hungarian name. (It is Czech.)

IMPORTANT. The Hungarian Revolution of 1956 was *totally* unprepared. It emanated from public meetings of a poetical association.

p. 93: In 1956 a Hungarian beer would not have been obtainable in Paris.

p. 94: Tóth is better than Toth.

p. 125: There is a Ferenc Boulevard or a Ferenc Square, but no Ferenc Street in Budapest.

p. 145: In 1957 a ship going from Odessa to Indonesia would necessarily pass by Bizerta, because the Suez Canal was then closed!!!

p. 149: Louis XIV never said "*L'Etat, c'est moi*"—it is apocryphal. The old czars called themselves *samodyerzhets*, or *avtokrator*, but this term was intended to suggest that they were independent of the Tartars, not that they were absolute monarchs. (There *is* also a Slavic term.)

p. 209: I would transliterate Mechta into Metshtá for the German.

p. 250: It's P*u*nta Delgado.

p. 251: There is no "college" in Sweden—and, I suppose, hardly a single secondary school—teaching Russian.

I am not too happy about the names Spektorsky and Vlasov. The talks between Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson will hardly ring a bell in Germany. Few people realize how stupid Eisenhower was. And how can anybody translate Punky's speech? There are practically no swear words in German. "Kiss my arse" is the only indelicate expression. It is, of course, quite legitimate to introduce real persons. I feel very honored to appear in these pages. One more thing: I have never met a Hungarian with the name of Theophilus. Should be: Teofil.

All the best,
Erik [von Kuehnelt-Leddihn]

PS: Ilyitch is a patronymic, not a family name.

PPS: p. 99: The Transsiberian does not run through that area.

Somewhere in the book, a Russian refers to the "Eastern front." No Russian would have done that, because for him it was a Western front. I don't think that he would have said "the Western front" either, but just: "the Front" (there *was* an Eastern front for a few days in Eastern Siberia: Manchuria).

p. 239: No Russian soldier says to a higher officer, "sir." Such a word does not exist in the Soviet language, and I do not even know how a soldier addressed his superior in the Imperial Army. In Germany and Austria it was "Herr Lieutenant," "Herr Major," etc. "Sir" has no Continental equivalent. And "sir" in the USSR is out of the question. In Imperial Russia, in civilian life, *barin* or *gosudar'*.

As ever,
Erik

Dear Erik: Forget it. Am resigning, going back to school. What can I pay you not to read my next book? Gratefully,
Bill

■ Memo to: Israel
Re: Mona Charen

Mona Charen graduated from Barnard in 1979. While editor of the *Columbia/Barnard Course Guide*, she did an interview for *The Columbian* with the undersigned that was so skillfully conducted, he recommended her to the managing editor for the post of editorial assistant. She came to us immediately on graduating, mastered the editorial process as also the mysteries of computer typesetting, and also greatly cheered the office. Alas, she elects now to leave us: in order to spend six months in Israel where she will study Hebrew (four hours per day) and work on a kibbutz (four hours per day)—before entering law school in the fall. Treat her kindly, or risk the terrible wrath of
—WFB

P.S. We welcome as Miss Charen's replacement, Mary Elizabeth Schwarz, Yale 1980, co-editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, who, before coming to *NR*, did journalism in New Jersey.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You state that Cardinal Arns "would rather . . . speak to you in Brazilian . . ." Was this just a slip of the pen, or the result of a *profunda desinformação* in respect to languages?

Sincerely,
Richard Hartman
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Mr. Hartman: Nice point. But some Brazilians speak Brazilian, like some Americans speak American. Cordially,
—WFB

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The Current WISDOM

Inside Stuff

NEAL B. FREEMAN

THE NEEDLE on our bureaucratic power meter jumped off the scale the other day as we walked the corridors of the old Executive Office Building. Piled outside the doors of what used to be Richard Nixon's hideaway office suite were several roomsful of furniture. Plasterers, painters, and carpenters buzzed about, touching up the kitchen, the private bath, and the nest of high-ceilinged rooms opening into larger, equally high-ceilinged rooms. All of this activity announced the arrival of a bureaucratic presence. The new occupant: Lyn Nofziger. . . . Your required reading for this month, you'll recall, is *Wealth and Poverty* by George Gilder. By the time you reach page 226, you will be neither startled nor distressed to read there, nestled among some of the finest-spun prose ever donated to the dismal science, this sentence: "There is indeed such a thing as a free lunch." . . . The most underrated appointee of the month, hands down, is Fred Fielding, the President's new counsel. Fingered by conservatives as an ideological foe, by liberals as a "Watergate figure," and by rumor-tossing media as Deep Throat, Fielding has absorbed more potshots than anybody but Ray Donovan. A modest prediction: Fielding will turn in a solid, professional job.

▶ Nobody was more pleased than we were by Secretary of Education Terrel Bell's announcement that the proposed regs for bilingual education, discussed (apoplectically) here last fall, had been withdrawn. The Carter proposals went beyond mischief-making; they promised a massive campaign to snuff out the futures of millions of young Americans. Before we turn our attention elsewhere, however, it should be noted that Bell's action eliminates only a particular set of federal compulsions. Bilingual education itself is very much alive and enjoys the support of important political constituencies, parts of the organized Hispanic community and the teachers unions among them. It will require both courage and resolve on the part of the Reagan Administration to face down a Sunbelt special interest. . . . Another barometric reading: The latest syndicated feature from the *Washington Post* is by Steve Benson. Yep, grandson of Ezra Taft. . . . We can't help noticing a curious rhetorical transposition. On one side of what used to be a very clear ideological fence we have the Formerly Moderate. With their political roots sunk in the campaigns of Scranton, Romney, Rockefeller, Ford, and Bush, their posture toward the ebullient new Administration might have been projected to land somewhere between sullen and mutinous. Instead, we find their conversational style both jingoistic and boosterish, fervently "realistic" on foreign matters and pugnaciously free-market on questions of economics. There is much frottage as dozens of them attempt to leap from the closet as evolved conservatives. (A friend has labeled this phenomenon The New Me-Tooism.) On the other side of what passed for a fence dividing the GOP neighborhood are the longtime conservatives, the people who supported Ronald Reagan before he grew into definitely presidential timber. As they move into positions of political influence, these conservatives—perhaps awed by their new surroundings, or eager to develop a *modus vivendi* with the ubiquitous bureaucracy—are emitting the unmistakable noises of Moderation. All of this makes for agonizing personnel decisions: is the President better served by an appointee objectively conservative for reasons of personal ambition, or by a true believer who, not wishing to embarrass his leader, treads the path of pragmatism? . . . It could be coming soon to your neighborhood! Watch out for Hive Talk.

▶ What appears to be bipartisan support is hardening around the proposition that the government should raise the ceiling on career civil service pay from the current $50,112 to $61,600. The argument behind such action, as framed by the Heritage Foundation's *Mandate for Leadership*, is that "those in the top layers of the bureaucracy are angry and resentful at the freeze; many of the most skilled civil servants have opted for early retirement. Moreover, it will be difficult for the new Administration to attract new blood if those most qualified to serve are not able to serve without severe financial sacrifice." About which argument three points: 1) The vast majority of government jobs are overpaid, many of them including what amounts to disguised welfare allowances. The only way to maintain pressure on pay scales down the line is to maintain a cap on top. 2) As a matter of political theater, for Regan, Stockman, et al. to recommend significant salary increases for themselves and Executive Branch staff would with a single stroke destroy whatever chance remains to effect significant economies in the cost of national government. And 3) if there is one problem that the Reagan Administration has not faced and will not be obliged to face it is the difficulty of attracting new blood. As any member of the White House personnel office will be quick to confirm, there has been a virtual avalanche of applications for every top-level post. Congress must act on the proposals by March 16. That allows plenty of time for you to consider the matter carefully before firing off an angry letter.

▶ Capital-area subscribers report they are sleeping better each night knowing that Ernie Lefever is their watchdog on human rights. . . . Welcome news. Mrs. Robert Bauman, the luminous Carol, has accepted a position with the Reagan Administration, at the Department of Energy. . . . We wrote in this space six months ago a paragraph that may help you through these days of roiled bureaucratic waters: "We can hear it now. Eliminate Amtrak. Close the spigots at the National Endowments. Repeal Davis-Bacon. *Cut back the school lunch program!* The media would gasp, the Hill barons would do a slow burn, and the bureaucrats would say, 'No way, boss. Can't be done.' Again, those year-end media reviews might turn in poor grades, but they would have missed the point that, superb communicator that he is, Reagan had fundamentally altered their perception of political success." □

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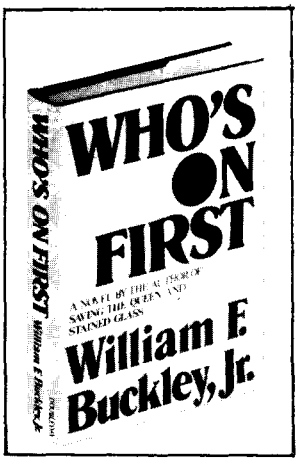

NOW
Get Bill Buckley's new Spy-Thriller FREE

Yep, we're talking about the original hardcover edition of *Who's on First*, Buckley's latest Blackford Oakes (who's better than James Bond) spy novel — you'll find it in bookstores selling for $9.95. If you have never read one of WFB's novels, here's your chance to get a free copy; of course if you're already a Blacky Oakes fan, you won't want to miss this opportunity to get the latest one — don't miss it.

We don't want to give away the plot, but it's about the race with the Soviets to be first in space — and Buckley makes it a nail-biter, even though you already "know" the historic outcome (this *tour de force* seems to be what impressed many critics: it *is* a neat trick, because it makes you, the reader, impatient as all get-out to *see* how Buckley can pull it off). By the way, as a kind of bonus, Buckley also performs some fascinating stunts with dialogue between such characters as Allen Dulles and Dean Acheson — you begin to wonder if maybe he wasn't there with a tape recorder? It's great stuff, you'll love it.

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China Misgivings

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

IN THIS SPACE recently (January 23), I threatened or promised to return to the theme of the Chinese as allies.

If an excuse were needed, it is provided by the publication of two important studies by Washington's Institute on Strategic Trade. In the first, entitled "The Origins of the Strategic Relationship between the United States and the PRC," Dr. Banning Garrett of Berkeley pierces, up to a point, the mystery of secret talks between Americans and Chinese Communist military men. The second study is co-authored by Dr. Miles M. Costick, president of the Institute, and Brian Green, under the title, "The Arming of Red China." A concluding study is promised.

Dr. Garrett has been remarkably diligent, seeking out elusive or secretive officials or ex-officials of the Pentagon, State Department, NSC, and CIA, and delving as far into the documentary area as the Freedom of Information Act permits. He tells us a lot about a RAND man's secret talks with senior Red Chinese military and intelligence officers, and declares that many of the proposals contained in studies completed in 1974 and 1975 have been implemented since. In particular, allied arms sales to Red China have been approved, along with transfers of selected items of U.S. high technology with potential military application.

Out of Reach

He quotes a figure of $50 billion to arm the Chinese People's Republic adequately against potential attack by the USSR, and comments that this kind of money is out of reach, not only of the Chinese Communists but of the Americans as well.

In the other study, incidentally, Costick and Green come up with another figure—$100 billion for advanced weapons systems for China—which just happens to be double Garrett's. But what is $50 billion more or less, among friends? I think the point is made that on the scale of China's needs, and depending on the interpretation, the American taxpayers might be required to choose between a sufficiency (on the Reagan scale) of technological-age hardware for themselves, or for the Red Chinese.

The Costick-Green study has many other points to make, not all of which I find myself accepting uncritically. As they see it, the Chinese motivation for the military relationship with the U.S. is purely selfish. The Chinese, for the time being, are more afraid of the Russians than of the Americans. They support NATO because it helps to tie up Soviet divisions in Europe, thus reducing the threat on China's border. Since they themselves cannot afford much technology from outside, it would be handy if somebody else were to give it to them.

What's in It for U.S.?

What is in it for the Americans? Essentially, the answer comes, hardly anything. China does have some strategic raw materials, but not enough to compensate for any denial by Soviet power in the resource war. The rapprochement with China, the authors argue, has had no effect either on Soviet or on Chinese behavior. The invasions of Afghanistan by the Soviets and of Vietnam by the Chinese both happened in the era of rapprochement initiated by Nixon and Kissinger in 1972-73.

To de-recognize the Republic of China on Taiwan, they say, was "to act with consummate unrealism," throwing doubt on the reliability of the U.S. as an ally. Moreover, since the Chinese Communists hold that war is inevitable, all they are trying to do is to incite conflict between NATO and the USSR, so that the Chinese can be left out of it. And the punch line is that it makes no sense to arm a nation whose ideology continues to insist on the necessity to destroy the United States and the capitalist system.

Well, those are the arguments, and I should make it clear that I am in general agreement with the conclusions reached. On certain points of doctrine, however, I think the authors are, if not exactly wrong, then ideologically out of date.

On the matter of the inevitability of war, as I pointed out in my January 23 column, the Chinese seem to have undergone a change of doctrine: war, it seems, is no longer inevitable so long as we all stand up to the rulers of the Soviet Union.

The other point is more fundamental. When the authors of the second study assert that the Chinese Communists are still committed to the ultimate destruction of the American (and in general the capitalist) system, they are not technically in error, since there has been no formal repudiation of Leninism in the post-Mao era. And Leninism is what the debate is about: more specifically, what I call "external" Leninism, or that area of the Communist dogma which obliges those who profess it to extend Marxism-Leninism to all countries of the world.

What, in fact—as distinct from doctrine—has been happening in the People's Republic of China?

The most momentous event of all is the show trial of the Gang of Four headed by Mao Tse-tung's widow, Chiang Ching (whom I decline to call Jiang Qing). In all respects, this was a typically Communist affair, bearing not the slenderest resemblance to justice. The importance of it was simply that it amounted to a massive de facto, though not de jure, repudiation of Maoism.

So Mao is dead, but is not going to be officially buried (at least not just yet). And "capitalist roader" Deng is not about to make China capitalist, apart from minor concessions to Hong Kong tycoons.

As for external Leninism, one must again distinguish between theory and practice. The Chinese Communists have cut down on their inflammatory broadcasts to neighboring countries and are on their best behavior. At home, meanwhile, a new drive to restore Marxist-Leninist orthodoxy has been launched.

The trouble is that in China, as in any other Communist country, the line can be altered overnight. For all China's good behavior, then, the Reagan Administration would be well advised to call a halt to any covert plans to arm the People's Republic to the teeth. □

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Divergent Views on the Problems of the *Volunteer Armed Forces* with one point in common

By a senator and a (volunteer) major

The SENATOR'S VIEW

BILL ARMSTRONG

H. L. MENCKEN told us that "for every human problem, there is always an easy solution—neat, plausible, and wrong." Many otherwise thoughtful people have come up with this sort of solution for our military manpower problems—a return to the peacetime draft. These people say—in more, and more delicately phrased, words—that the All Volunteer Force (AVF) is too dumb, too small, too black, and too expensive.

There can be no quarrel with the diagnosis. In fact, our manpower problems are even worse than many supporters of the draft suspect.

At a time when the Soviet Union has achieved a substantial measure of military strength—from ICBMs to armored personnel carriers—the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General David Jones, says the biggest problem facing the Armed Forces today is manpower. The Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral T. B. Hayward, says he has barely half the ships and less than half the aircraft he requires to meet the Navy's three-ocean commitments—but he still insists that by far his biggest need is for more and better people. General Edward C. Meyer, the Chief of Staff of the Army, has said that, chiefly because of manpower shortages, his force has become a "hollow army." A recent readiness report revealed that ten of the 16 Army divisions in the continental United States were unfit for combat and that only one such division—the 82nd Airborne—is fully ready to fight.

It's easy to understand why the service chiefs put so much emphasis on personnel. As one Naval officer put it to me: "All the hardware in the world is just so much icing on a hot cake without the right numbers of the right kinds of people to operate it."

Clearly, we haven't been getting—or keeping—the right numbers of the right kinds of people. The authorized strengths of our Armed Forces are at their lowest levels since 1950, yet none of the services has been able to meet even those reduced goals.

Along with experiencing increasing difficulty in attracting new recruits, the Armed Forces are discovering that a steadily increasing percentage of those they do recruit are unsuitable for military service, and must be discharged before their term of enlistment expires.

The number of high-school graduates enlisting has plunged precipitously; of those who do enlist, an increasing proportion have come from the bottom half of their classes. Army manuals have been rewritten downward to eighth- and even seventh-grade levels, but still commanders report many soldiers have difficulty comprehending them. Scores on the Army's recently inaugurated Skill Qualification Tests also have set alarm bells ringing. Of artillery crewmen tested in the 1979 fiscal year, 86 per cent failed. The failure rate for tracked-vehicle mechanics was 89 per cent; for nuclear-weapons-maintenance specialists, 90 per cent; for tank-turret and artillery repairmen, 98 per cent.

Many analysts also are profoundly disturbed by the changing sociological makeup of the Armed Forces, especially the Army. In 1979, blacks accounted for 28.9 per cent of the Army, 19.8 per cent of the Marine Corps, 13.8 per cent of the Air Force, and 9.7 per cent of the Navy. The concentration of minorities is especially heavy in the enlisted grades. Blacks made up 11.8 per cent of enlisted personnel in the

Mr. Armstrong is a Republican senator from Colorado.

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Army in 1964, 17.5 per cent in 1972, and nearly 33 per cent today. The disparity is even greater than the raw numbers indicate, because no separate statistics are kept for Spanish-surnamed volunteers, who are classified as white. What would the impact on society be if, in a future conflict, a disproportionate number of casualties were black and Hispanic?

The answer to these mounting problems is obvious, critics of the All Volunteer Force say. A return to peacetime conscription will prevent shortages, improve quality, and put an end to the present sociological disparity between the Armed Forces and the civilian population. Furthermore, they say, the draft will save taxpayers money, by putting an end to expensive and ineffective recruiting incentives for the AVF; and it will reinstill patriotism in America's youth, by reminding them of their obligation to serve their country.

There you have it: a solution that is neat, plausible . . . and wrong.

To begin with, the lion's share of the military manpower problem is a problem of retention, not recruitment. Manpower shortages are most severe in the middle officer and noncommissioned-officer grades, especially in highly skilled military occupation specialties such as pilots and submariners.

In FY 1979, the recruiting shortfall in all of the Armed Forces combined was less than thirty thousand. But the shortage of noncommissioned officers in the Army alone was forty-six thousand. The Navy is short a total of thirty thousand officers and men, but the shortage of petty officers is more than twenty thousand.

There almost certainly would not have been a recruiting shortfall if it hadn't been for the unreasonable demands imposed by abysmal rates of retention. Last year, 40 per cent of Air Force NCOs with eight years of experience left the service, up from 25 per cent in 1975. In the Navy, 65 per cent of the petty officers with eight years of experience got out, compared to 40 per cent five years ago.

Retention rates are even worse among servicemen with critical military skills. The Air Force needs to retain 60 per cent of its fighter pilots to remain combat-effective. Currently, it is retaining 25 per cent. In 1979 the Navy had 138 nuclear-qualified petty officers with ten to 13 years of experience who were up for re-enlistment. Today only 36 are still in uniform. The cause of the plunge in retention rates is no secret, and it has nothing whatever to do with whether personnel enter the Armed Forces voluntarily in the first place or are forced in by a draft.

Regular Military Compensation—base pay plus allowances for housing and food—has fallen more than 20 per cent relative to the cost of living since the All Volunteer Force came into being eight years ago. Many specialty and hazardous-duty pays have not been adjusted upward since 1955.

A plane handler on an aircraft carrier works about one hundred hours a week, and is separated from his family for six to nine months a year. Yet he earns less than a cashier at a fast-food restaurant on a forty-hour week. A cook or boiler-technician on a Navy ship earns half as much as his civilian counterpart, who gets paid for overtime and goes home to his wife and kids each night. Prior to last October's 11.7 per cent pay raise, a sergeant E-5 with a wife and two kids to support could qualify for food stamps at most posts in the United States. Servicemen stationed in Europe are far worse off.

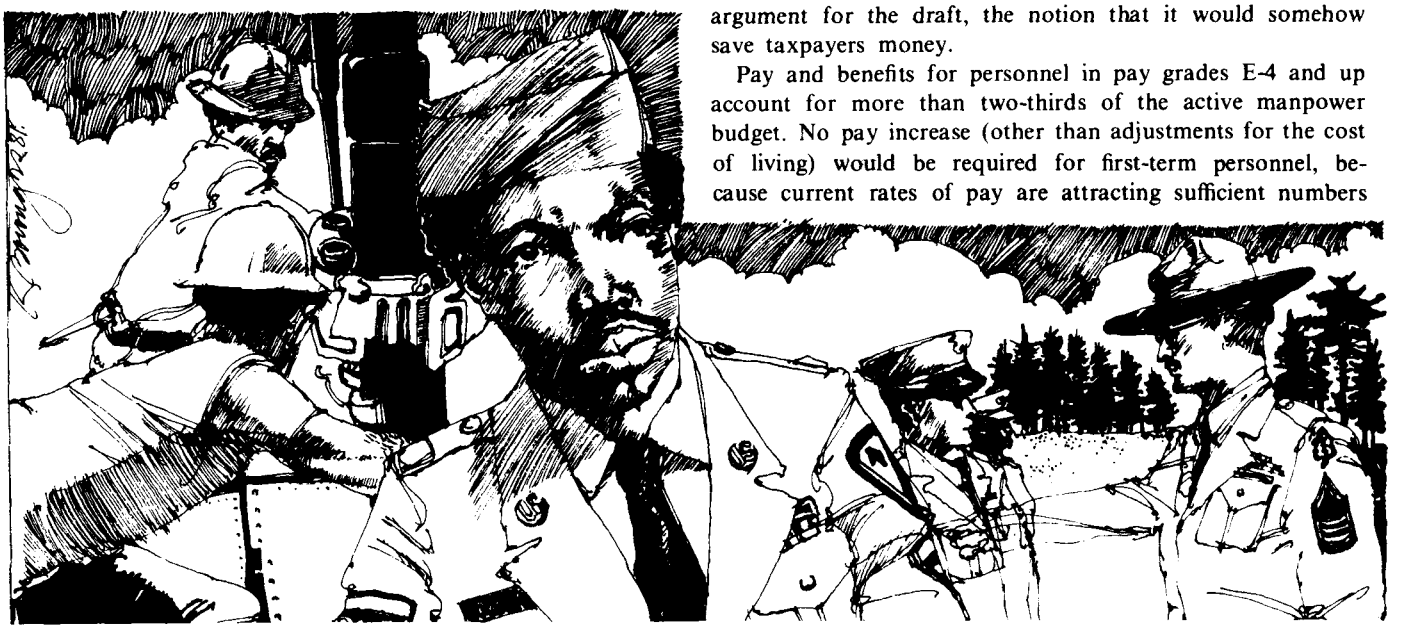
There can be no solution to the military manpower problem without a solution to the problem of retention. Reinstatement of the draft would be no help at all.

A draft can prevent a shortage of privates, and the existence of a draft can prevent a shortage of second lieutenants. But it cannot prevent a shortage of corporals and sergeants, captains and majors, and it is the corporals and the sergeants, the captains and the majors, that we lack. The Armed Forces as a whole were actually *overstrength* last year in the draftable and draft-influenced pay grades.

But while the draft can't solve the problem of retention, a solution to the retention problem would obviate the need for a draft, since there would be no recruiting shortfalls if retention rates were restored to former levels.

There will have to be a substantial increase in pay and benefits for career personnel whether first-termers enlist voluntarily or are drafted. But this undercuts a second major argument for the draft, the notion that it would somehow save taxpayers money.

Pay and benefits for personnel in pay grades E-4 and up account for more than two-thirds of the active manpower budget. No pay increase (other than adjustments for the cost of living) would be required for first-term personnel, because current rates of pay are attracting sufficient numbers



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of volunteers to prevent shortages if the retention problem is solved, and because higher pay for career personnel would provide an incentive for enlistment which does not now exist.

But while a return to the draft would not reduce by a penny the pay increases that will be required to solve our military manpower problems, there would be the huge start-up and administrative costs involved in setting the cumbersome draft machinery in motion: before any can be drafted, all have to be registered, classified, and examined; this is expensive, costing upward of half a billion dollars a year—far more than any countervailing savings through reduction of recruiting budgets.

In short, a return to the draft could wind up costing taxpayers more—much more—than what is required to preserve the All Volunteer Force. Perhaps it would be worth paying the high financial and social costs of a draft if it were the only way to improve the quality of the Armed Forces. But there is a much more effective, and less expensive, way.

The All Volunteer Force concept has been blamed, wrongly, for the decline in recruit aptitude. In fact, the nosedive didn't begin when the draft ended in 1973. It happened after Congress terminated eligibility for GI Bill education benefits in December 1976.

The percentage of Army recruits in the two highest categories of mental ability was about the same in 1976 (30 per cent) as it had been in 1972 (32.4 per cent). But by FY 1979, the number of volunteers in the highest category had dropped by two-thirds, and the number in the second-highest category had dropped by one-half.

Properly tailored educational incentives almost certainly would bring in at least fifty thousand high-quality recruits

The Army had warned Congress what would happen. A survey of recruits at Armed Forces Entrance Examining Stations in 1974 indicated termination of the GI Bill could depress the pool of potential recruits by as much as 36.7 per cent—all right off the top.

That wasn't all. The Army said terminating the GI Bill would require a 17 per cent increase in annual accessions just to offset the increased losses due to attrition (servicemen discharged before their term of enlistment expires) that could be expected as a result of drawing a disproportionate number of recruits from the lower categories of mental ability. The best way to undo the damage done by cancellation of the GI Bill is to reinstate the GI Bill, not the draft.

Properly tailored educational incentives almost certainly would bring into the Armed Forces at least fifty thousand additional high-quality recruits, enough to erase present recruiting shortfalls, and to replace some fifteen to twenty thousand volunteers in the lowest mental categories with volunteers from the highest categories.

An injection of fifty-thousand high-quality recruits each year would raise aptitude levels far faster than the draft, which would bring in only an average cross-section of the population. And a GI Bill would bring them in at far less cost, since there would be no need for registration or classification, and only those volunteering would require medical exams.

The draft is unable to solve our principal military manpower problem, the problem of retention, and is a more expensive and less effective means of improving force quality than restoration of the GI Bill. The All Volunteer Force isn't the problem and the draft isn't the solution. □

The MAJOR'S VIEW

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

THERE IS a widespread misconception abroad in the land; it is almost an article of faith within the military and is, as well, a belief commonly held among those in crucial positions of authority in the civilian sector who ardently, and in good faith, support the military. It is, simply, that the military is grossly underpaid; that, in real terms, measured against inflation, military compensation is actually decreasing, and that many—if not most—of the serious problems affecting the military's readiness to wage and win wars can be traced to the niggardly pay scale afflicting GI Joe.

This opinion does not square with the facts. Military personnel receive an annual cost-of-living raise. In recent years it is true, these raises have not been sufficient to keep pace with inflation—for instance, the 11.7 per cent military pay raise authorized by President Carter effective October 1, 1980. President Reagan is now considering an additional 5.3 per cent military pay hike to be effective immediately and added retroactively to the October 1980 increase. Buried deep within President Carter's final budget is another cost-of-living raise—in excess of 9 per cent—to be effective October 1, 1981. Even so, critics of current military pay scales point out, these raises have brought us to a level where, for instance, a captain with four years' service was making about $14,000 per year in 1972, whereas a captain with four years' service in 1980 is making about $24,400. That increase of about 74 per cent has been more than eaten up by inflation.

True? Yes. Relevant? No. What the advocates of more money for the military deliberately fail to point out is that that captain with four years' service in 1972 is not a captain with four years' service in 1980; he is now a captain with 12 years' service or, much more likely, a *major* with 12 years' service. He has been getting seniority raises every two years (as does virtually everyone in the military) plus cost-of-living raises annually, got an additional raise when he was promoted, and is now making over $30,000 a year—not a bad

Major Rehyansky is a veteran of Vietnam now stationed in Charlottesville, Virginia, and a frequent contributor to NR.

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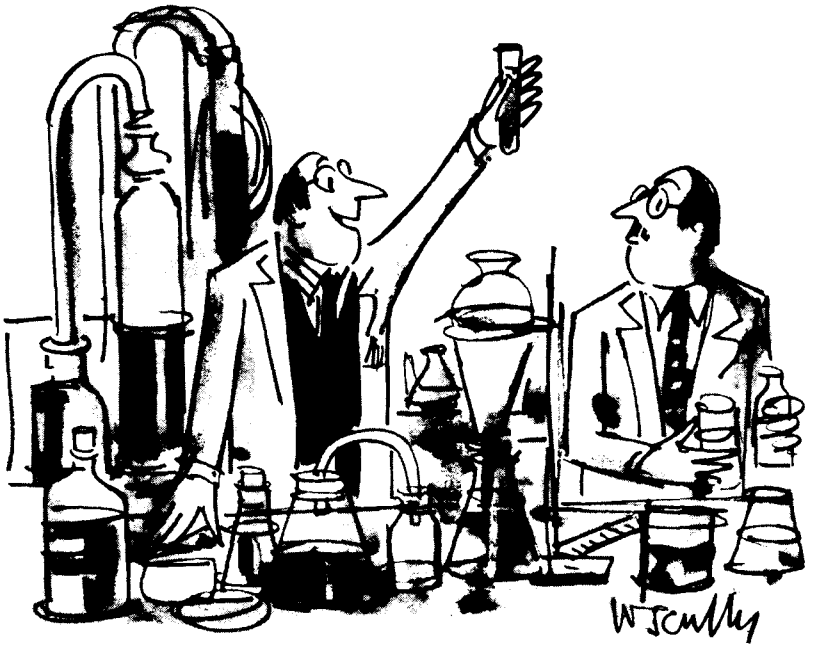

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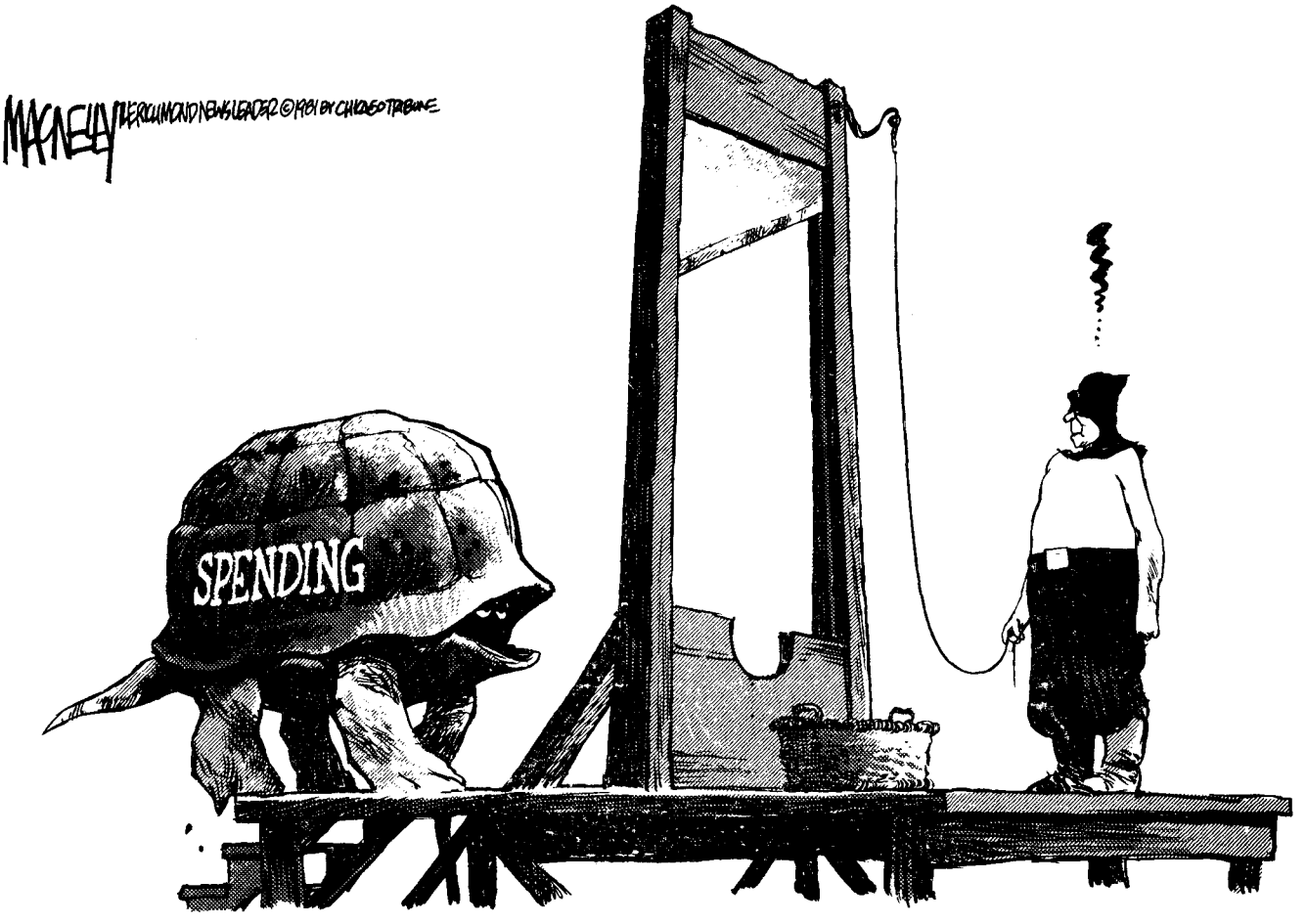

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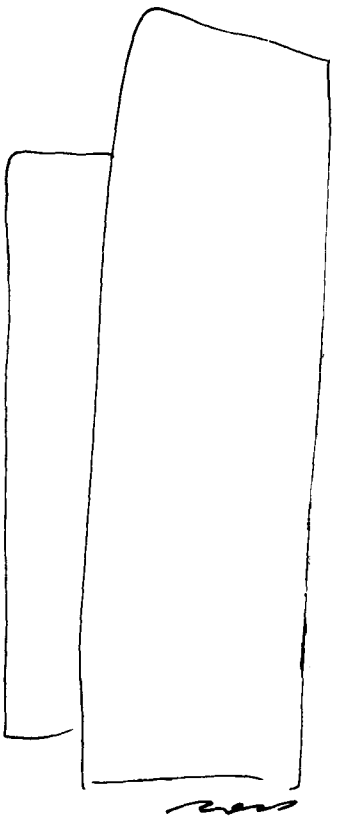
"*Now* that *says* 'war'!"



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increase over the $14,000 he was making only eight years ago.

I do not, in point of fact, know if that $14,000 in 1972 is worth less than $30,000 in 1980. There are times when I feel—for I have used myself in this example—that those fourteen thousand 1972 dollars *were* worth more than my thirty thousand 1980 dollars, times when my wife and I reflect that we had more disposable income eight years ago than we do now. However, eight years ago we were not buying a little house, had not yet treated ourselves to that second car, and had no children—two fewer than we have now. But the kids, the cars, and the house were our decisions, or are, at least, our responsibilities. Is there anyone out there in mufti whose salary has increased 114 per cent in eight years and who feels that he has been shabbily dealt with, *regardless* of inflation?

Well, my critics might reply, we're not talking about you. We're not talking about the professional officers of the Army approaching its senior ranks; we're talking about the poor yardbird, that private who's on food stamps to support his family. Well, what about him? I have been a private, and my first Army paycheck, in the late 1960s, netted me about $90 (for a month). I knew that I had no business marrying and starting a family on that kind of salary, and I didn't. Today's newly enlisted private, exclusive of non-cash benefits, earns about $8,700 a year. Whether a family can be properly supported on such a salary is debatable. But when an individual with a family voluntarily enters the military—there's no draft now, remember—or when a single private takes it upon himself to marry and procreate, and then finds himself unable to meet his obligations, it seems to me that he has not so much shamed his stingy government as failed an unwritten IQ test.

What, precisely, are we?—bright young bureaucrats on the make, or professionals devoted to (don't blush, now) duty, honor, country?

As for the unmarried privates, they have plenty of money. Ask any military policeman or judge advocate. They have enough money to line their barracks rooms or apartments, if they are so disposed, with stereo equipment you and I might lust after, or to keep their local drug dealers prosperous and to buy the silence of the sergeants who catch them in illegal activities. The young, single private who behaves himself, does his job, and chooses to live in government quarters and eat in an Army dining facility still draws about $6,000 a year in taxable income to do with pretty much as he pleases. And those whose inadequacies result in their discharge for the convenience of the government well before completing their enlistment (or, often, even their training) receive full pay and allowances for the entire length of time it takes the military to board them out.

To all of the foregoing should be added a number of other compensatory considerations. Every member of the military gets free medical and dental care for himself, and free or very inexpensive medical care for his family. He may retire after twenty years' service and draw 50 per cent of his taxable base pay (with biennial cost-of-living increases) for life, an arrangement which cannot be duplicated with a civilian annuity by anything short of putting virtually all of your civilian salary into the annuity for those twenty years; if he chooses to remain in the service for thirty years, the retirement pay rate is 75 per cent. The soldier contributes nothing to this pension plan over and above standard Social Security withholding.

Approximately 20 per cent of his salary while in the service is paid in tax-free "allowances." At most assignments, he can do all or most of his shopping at a post exchange and a commissary, with significant savings. If he serves in a hazardous or hardship category—such as aviator, parachutist, diver, in a combat zone, at sea, etc.—there are additional pay incentives. Certain professional specialists such as physicians and dentists receive generous incentive and continuation allowances. For the most part, it is safe to conclude that the case for large, across-the-board increases in military compensation is being made by those who have personal axes to grind, don't know what they are talking about, or don't know what they're paying for.

Bearing in mind all I have said thus far, it is important to point out that there is, in the opinion of many, one segment of the military that is grossly underpaid—the middle-ranking noncommissioned officer, the E-5, E-6, and E-7 (in the Army, the sergeant, staff sergeant, and sergeant first class). Who is this individual? How can he be described in terms which will explain to a civilian reader just who and what he is, what it is that he is up against, and why his compensation level is having a critically deleterious effect on military readiness.

He is the man who makes the tanks and the airplanes go; the man who supervises the payroll clerks and is in charge of the medical records. He runs the motor pool and supervises the mechanics who service a couple of hundred thousand dollars' worth of vehicles. He struggles to his feet amid the mud and death of a hellish battlefield and says to six or eight others, "Follow me." In civilian terms, he is the senior clerk in the life insurance office, the guy who has been with the firm about eight years. He's the one mechanic you'll trust with your car. He's the assembly-line foreman in a small corner of a large plant. He's the indispensable bridge between management and labor. In the military, by and large, he's in his early thirties, has a wife and 2.3 children, and makes less than $300 a week. He can do much better on the outside, and the vision of a 50 per cent retirement is not enough to keep him in through the lean years of his early middle age. The exodus of experienced, middle-level noncommissioned officers from the military is a continuing disaster which some refer to as the "disintegration of the Army's backbone," and "a hemorrhage." Those promoted to replace them are rarely their betters. Any revision of the military compensation system should give special attention to this acutely important group of underpaid professionals.

It is my contention, then, that for the most part officers and senior noncommissioned officers in today's Armed Forces are adequately compensated, mid-level NCOs are not, and lower-ranking enlisted personnel are either adequately paid or overpaid. We have long since reached the point at which

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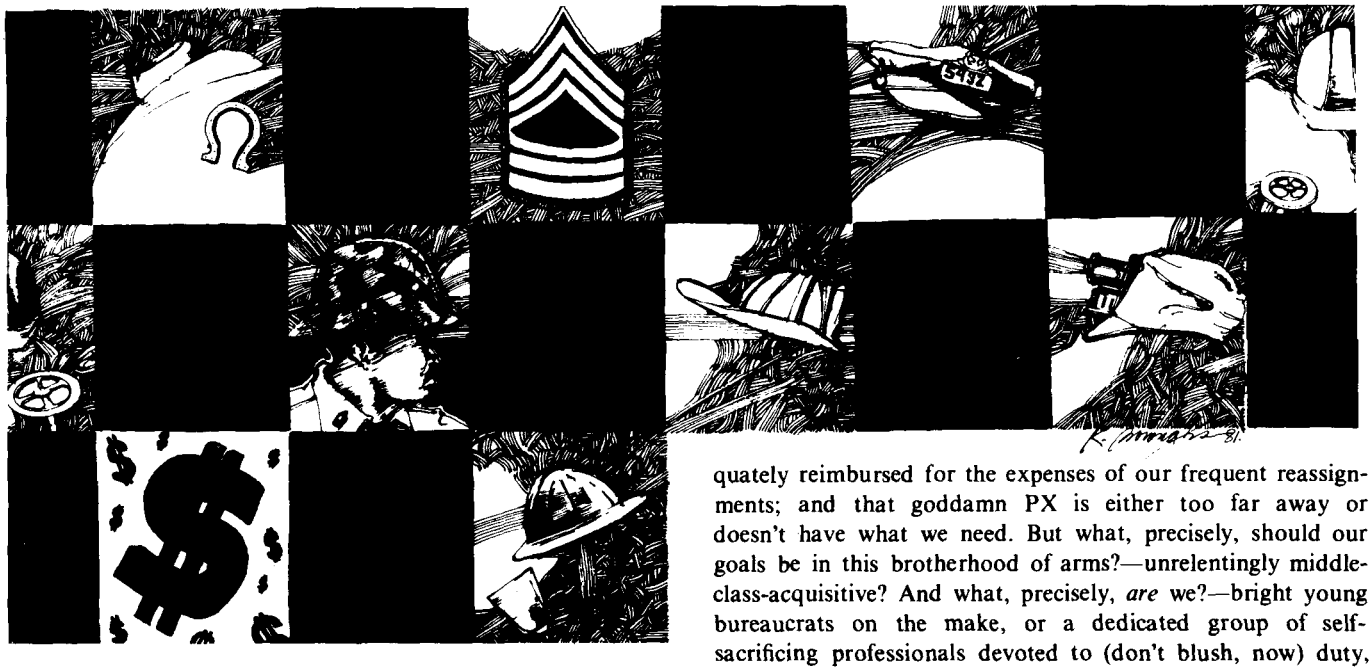

more than half of our defense budget goes for personnel costs. It is time to start looking harder at what we are getting for our money. Is that new private—who may or may not have been fraudulently enlisted by a recruiting sergeant desperate to make his quota, who may or may not be concealing a police record or drug addiction, and who may just choose to give a broken nose to the first drill sergeant who corrects his performance in basic training—worth $725 a month to the taxpayers the minute he takes the oath of enlistment? I think not. At present, there is no real incentive for the marginal performer, the soldier who does not care from one minute to the next whether he is summarily kicked out of the Army. How can we provide him with a reason to do well?

Perhaps we should enlist the soldier at a truly subsistence-level salary—say $200 a month. Require that he be single and have no dependents for the first year of his service. Hold the rest of his salary for him, at interest, until the first anniversary of his enlistment, payable in a lump sum, at the time and on the conditions that he has satisfactorily completed his training and stayed out of trouble. Then, integrate him as a member in good standing of the professional force. We may not improve the performance of a substantial number of new enlistees, but we will avoid paying exorbitant sums to dead-end kids looking for someplace to kill a few months before the system identifies and expels them. And we might, just perhaps, reap the benefits of improved performance by some of the properly motivated young men and women we need as they make the difficult transition from civilian to soldier by giving them something to strive for, and by telling them without embarrassment that they must prove their worthiness to serve their country as full-fledged members of the volunteer force.

Of my fellow officers—the ones who probably won't be speaking to me tomorrow morning—that literate and articulate group that is so good at making its dissatisfactions known, at stating its positions persuasively, I ask: Just what, really, do we have to complain about? Yes, I grant you, that free medical care is often below par; we are usually inadequately reimbursed for the expenses of our frequent reassignments; and that goddamn PX is either too far away or doesn't have what we need. But what, precisely, should our goals be in this brotherhood of arms?—unrelentingly middle-class-acquisitive? And what, precisely, *are* we?—bright young bureaucrats on the make, or a dedicated group of self-sacrificing professionals devoted to (don't blush, now) duty, honor, country? Are you really inadequately paid, or are you merely annoyed that you don't have enough left over at the end of the month to increase your speculative real-estate holdings or pour into another tax shelter? As my old drill sergeant used to say: "Kwitcher belly-achin'."

To former House Minority Leader John Rhodes I say, Quit looking for cheap applause lines by calling for "massive" military pay raises—when speaking before audiences composed exclusively of military officers. To everyone else in charge, from President Reagan on down, I point out that the military, for the most part, has painstakingly recovered from the undeserved black eye it received during the Vietnam years. Now is not the time, with the rest of the country facing enormous difficulties, to make the military look like a greedy pack of privileged characters feeding at the public trough—like a bunch of *congressmen*, for Pete's sake.

I do not, for a minute, contend that the military does not have agonizing difficulties. I, for one, do not believe that we are now "fit to fight"; and I am in good company. The Army Chief of Staff recently testified that the force was now "hollow." Everywhere you look—from *New Guard* to *U.S. News and World Report*—there are persuasive studies documenting our military weaknesses. And no one wants the next war to turn into a large-scale version of last April's "Jimmy Carter Desert Classic" in Iran.

But these problems will not be significantly assuaged by pouring more and more money into increasingly inflated salaries. How can we, as conservatives, fail to see this? We, who have consistently criticized the liberals for believing that the way to make a problem go away is to throw money at it, always seem to fall into the same trap whenever the topic of discussion is the military.

And, to the curious reader, I would like to say that my Army salary and my wife's income from part-time teaching are all that we have, that our two cars, between them, are now 29 years old, and we paid $29,000 for our house four years ago. But then, no one promised us a rose garden. I only believed that the military was still looking for a few good men. □

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LETTER FROM LIMA

Ousted from office in a military coup in 1968, Fernando Belaúnde Terry was returned to power in 1980. With the army lying low and the Marxists devastated, Belaúnde can tackle Peru's seemingly insoluble poverty

A Hero Reborn

SELDEN RODMAN

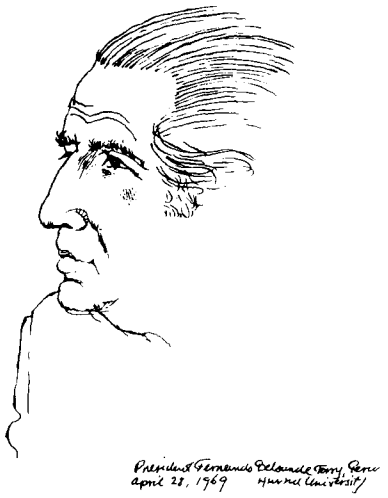
ANYONE standing in the hot sun of the Plaza de Toros on the afternoon of October 26, 1980, listening to the 15 minutes of cheering that greeted the announcement that Fernando Belaúnde Terry was present and would receive the dedication of the first bull, had to have been moved. The President of Peru, standing there bareheaded with tears in his eyes, was the most moved of all.

Twelve years before, tanks had surrounded the presidential palace in the Plaza de Armas. A startled and outraged President Belaúnde had been roused from his sleep, whisked to Jorge Chavez Airport, and flown to a 12-year-long exile in the United States. No one lifted a finger to protest the military coup, even though Belaúnde was generally regarded as incorruptibly honest, and the most idealistic visionary ever elected to office in South America.

Everyone assumed that Belaúnde was well off, following the usual pattern for ousted Latin American rulers. In fact, Belaúnde supported himself in exile on the salary of a professor of city planning at Harvard. The President told me with amusement, a few days before the bull-ring ovation, that a classmate from his days as an architectural student in Miami, now a realtor, had invited him to lunch just after the coup. "I have the perfect house for your retirement, Fernando," he said, and showed him photographs of an $800,000 villa in Palm Beach.

I.

General Juan Velasco Alvarado, whose *golpe* overthrew Belaúnde, achieved instant popularity in the months that followed. This was something new in Latin



American affairs, a coup by Marxist generals. He expropriated the International Petroleum Company (IPC)—Belaúnde had been much criticized for not moving fast enough in this matter—and the "capitalist press." He also took over the Cerro de Pasco copper company and the big sugar plantations, and seized the bank accounts of those who opposed his Marxist dictatorship—all popular actions with much of the Peruvian people. Yet within five years Velasco experienced a quite different reception in the Plaza de Toros. In 1973 he was greeted in that arena with such a storm of booing that he was obliged to beat a hasty retreat. In a rage, he announced that henceforth bullfighting, "a Spanish import," would be abolished in Peru. He died of cancer before being able to carry out this unpopular edict, but meanwhile he had already been nicknamed "The Beast."

How had he lost his popularity so quickly? Not for what he had done, probably, but for the way he did it. Arrogant foreign companies and patrimonial plantations have always been considered fair game in Latin America. Stealing the fire from the Communists and their vociferous allies among the students who controlled the University seemed to be smart politics on the part of the military, many of whom had been trained in liberal American schools at a time when Nasserism and Third World rhetoric was much in vogue. Had Velasco been a Lenin, or even a Tito or a Nasser, he might have succeeded; but he and his fellow officers were untrained in underground activity or partisan rebellion. They were products of a non-combat militaristic tradition adept only at conspiracy, sadism, and greed.

Velasco began by building himself a new $300-million War Ministry, part of which was paid for by a loan from the United States. This new Ministry had space underground for a hundred tanks, and a heated swimming pool for the exclusive use of the officers who were busy bringing socialism to Peru. Then he bought $800 million worth of supersonic aircraft and missiles from the USSR.

When the funds from the expropriated oil field and the (dying) fishmeal industry had been squandered, Velasco next seized the big sugar estates. At the Granja hacienda two hundred miles north of Lima, the sugar workers re-

Mr. Rodman, poet and art critic, has written books on Haiti, Brazil, Colombia, Guatemala, Mexico, Peru, and other countries. His latest, Artists in Tune with Their World, *will be published this year.*

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sisted. Having been given free milk, medical care, reasonably high wages, and their own kitchen gardens by the capitalist owners, they saw no reason to be deprived of these things by a socialist regime. They fought the non-farmers who were being imported in trucks to take their jobs with every weapon available. Similar resistance developed on the other sugar estates.

In Ayacucho, the military's attempt to regiment the parochial schools was greeted by a strike. The generals retaliated, machine-gunning two hundred of the resisters—most of them women and children. Not a word about this appeared in the newspapers, which by this time had been seized by Velasco and printed only what he allowed. (In particular, he had seized the newspapers of the Miro Quesada family, which had mounted a virulent campaign against Belaúnde in 1968 for refusing to expropriate without compensation, and thus helped bring him down. One of Belaúnde's first acts after being re-elected president in 1980 was to have *El Comercio* and the other government-seized newspapers returned to their former owners unconditionally.)

Tanks at 4 A.M.

Next, the police force—which had been denied a seat on the 12-man military junta, and which wasn't getting the wage-boosts that were going to the army—went out on strike. Velasco's Minister of the Interior threatened to arrest the striking police for mutiny. There was no answer to this threat, and at four o'clock the next morning tanks rolled through the gates of police headquarters on Avenida Salaverry. Hundreds were killed. With no police on the streets, looting began. Velasco had expected the dispossessed in the *barriadas* (the slums circling Lima) to invade the center of the city and sack the homes of the rich. Instead, they burned the Military Club to the ground. They also set fire to the Civic Center, where a Third World Congress was about to meet and applaud Velasco's socialized Peru. Once again the tanks rolled, this time over the bodies of the unemployed. To control the resulting chaos in Lima, Velasco called in police from all over the country, thus setting the stage for successful resistance in the provinces.

The population of Lima, which had been a million and a half during Belaúnde's first term, was rapidly approaching five million—one-quarter of Peru's population. From the outset Velasco had made a special appeal to Peru's "forgotten men," the Indians in the Andes who had been decimated, neglected, and robbed since the Conquest, and who were now ringing the lowland cities with their jerry-built homes. He renamed streets after such martyrs of failed revolts in the past as Tupac Amaru I and II. Avenida Wilson in front of the American Embassy became Avenida Inca Garcilaso de la Vega. Another street was named after Carlos Mariátegui, an obscure twentieth century Marxist intellectual who had called for an anticlerical revolution. The ultimate absurdity was to make the teaching of the Inca language Quechua compulsory in all schools and to supply TV programs with captions in this dialect, though few of the Indians who still spoke it could read. (Indians at Sacsahuamán, the Inca fortress outside Cuzco, responded to this wooing by burning to the ground the headquarters of SINAMOS, Velasco's organization for reorienting the Indians toward his "revolution.")

But to return to the socialized farms and plantations . . . These haciendas provided the ultimate proof of Velasco's failure to impose a Marxian solution on Peru. Government co-ops that had been given title (fake titles, as it turned out) to the land were put under the direction of young "experts"—students from the Marxist-oriented universities. Once there had been a flourishing wine industry on one of these haciendas, a terraced, riverside estate. The experts began by digging out the old vines, replacing them with high-yield grapes that mature too quickly to produce good wine. They melted down the silver linings of the ancient vats that produce Pisco (Peru's unique aperitif) for the cash they would bring, substituting copper, which turned the liquor bitter. With the hacienda's wine-producing ability virtually destroyed and with the co-op now owing eighty million *soles* to the bank, its manager turned in desperation to the original owner, offering him 50 per cent of all profits if he'd return. "Why," he replied derisively in his letter of refusal, "would I want an eighty-million-*sole* debt?"

In his last weeks as dictator Velasco had become so unpopular that he had to have truckloads of soldiers disguised as peasants mingle with the crowds in the Plaza de Armas whenever he made a public appearance, in order to give some semblance of support. It didn't work. Many believe that had he remained at the helm he would have been assassinated. When illness forced him to step down, his colleagues began to try to repair the damage. The last of the military caretakers, General Francisco Morales Bermudez, kept a very low profile and set the stage for the free elections of 1980. The time was ripe for Belaúnde's return.

II.

Why had Belaúnde been overthrown in the first place? Many explanations are offered. Cumulatively they give clues —and assurances with respect to the future.

Breakfasting one morning with Eduardo Correjo, an aide to the President, whom I had met in 1967 and who was now concluding his campaign to become Lima's next mayor, I asked what had gone wrong and how much had been learned from the debacle of 1968.

First, he told me, Belaúnde should have been tougher with the International Petroleum Company (IPC), no matter how rational his arguments against expropriation—and they *were* rational.

Second, Correjo said, "I think the President now recognizes that he's a thinker, not an administrator. His two closest advisors, Manuel Ulloa, the Prime Minister and Minister of Finance, and Pedro Pablo Kuczinski, Minister of Energy and Mines, are both superb administrators, Violeta Correa [Belaúnde's former secretary, whom he married after the coup] also helps Belaúnde greatly. She has just been named co-director of the revived Cooperación Popular along with Carlos Pestana, Director of the National Institute of Planning." (Cooperación Popular is in charge of grass-roots education among the Indians—instilling ideals of civic responsibility among their leaders.)

I asked Correjo also about Belaúnde's key program to colonize the fertile slopes on the other side of the Andes, and how he proposed to finance this scheme.

His first priority, Correjo replied, is to control inflation, which had probably reached 100 per cent under the military

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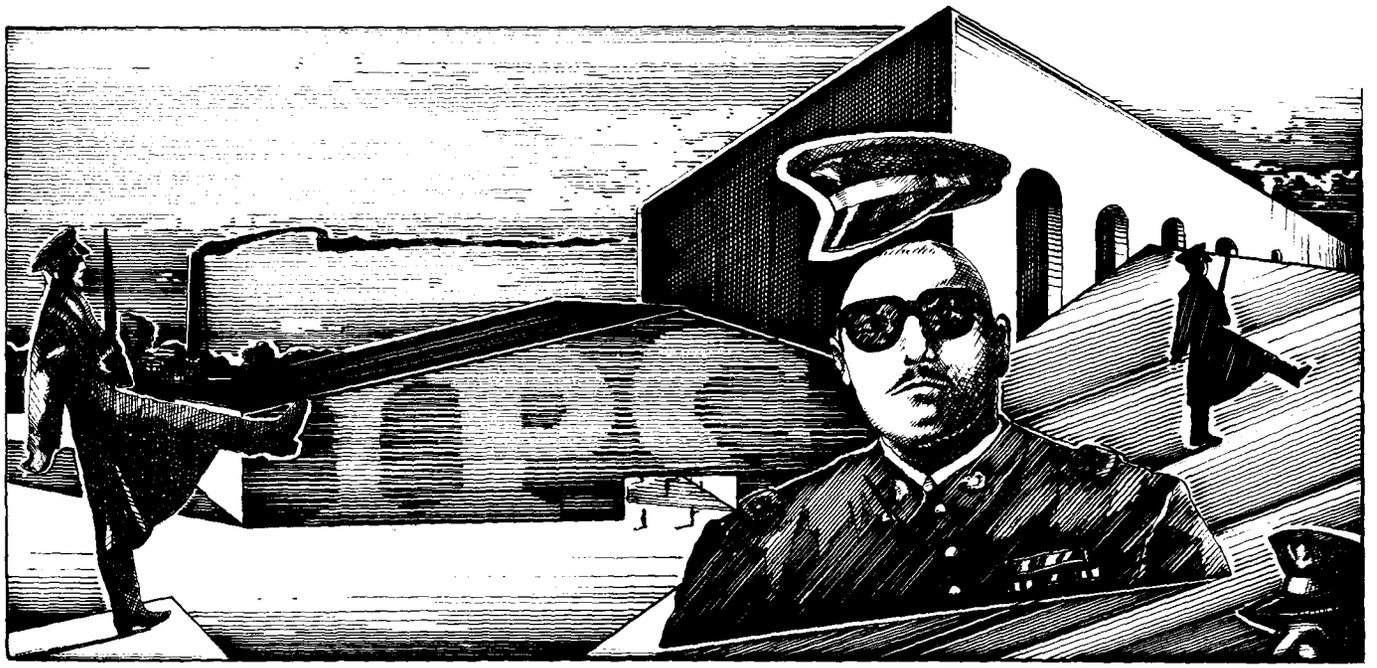

government a year ago, although the figures are a matter of dispute.

Then there is the problem of Peru's shifting population. Is it true, I asked Correjo, that there are five million people in Lima now?

"Yes. And nobody knows how many there'll be by the year 2000. Ten million? Twenty? They drift down from the Andes, from Puno especially, where a million and a half live in the most hideous poverty."

"You remember how my chapter* on Belaúnde ended," I said. "Surely it would be a sorry quirk of history if the most capable president Peru has ever had—and the one most genuinely ambitious for his country—should in the end be thwarted by a force that is still controllable, his plans overrun by the march of the yet unborn."

"I know," he said. "But this is a Catholic country. Some way must be found to arrest that march without resorting to birth control, which is not politically feasible."

I had dinner that night with Miguel Cruchaga, one of Peru's leading young architects and a nephew of Belaúnde, who offered a slightly different view. Belaúnde had been overthrown, he said, not so much because of his seeming indecision over IPC—"Velasco spent years renegotiating compensation, just as Belaúnde, who had been on the verge of avoiding that, had predicted he would!"

*In *The Peru Traveler*, 1967.

—but because he was always too tense and exhausted to face problems freshly. "You say you noticed the blooming state of his health this week, his relaxation and renewed optimism. Violeta is one reason for that. His new administrators are another. His appointment of the extremely able Fernando Schwalb to the critical ambassadorship in Washington is a third. He may not be able to repopulate the provinces with all those people who surround the cities, but he can arrest that influx—as he must."

III.

Everyone agrees that the geopolitical problems of this very rich but poverty-stricken country may turn out to be insoluble—everyone but the ebullient Belaúnde, whose faith in Peru never wavers. The psychological changes I detected in the country this time round stunned me.

Most surprising of all was a talk I had with Fernando Szyszlo, Peru's only painter of international repute. In 1967 I had dedicated *The Peru Traveler* to him and his wife, the poet Blanca Varela. Two years later Szyszlo visited me in New Jersey, and we discussed Belaúnde's overthrow. It didn't worry Szyszlo at all. Belaúnde and the people around him had become corrupt, he told me. The military regime was very popular, he said. There had been cheering in the streets when the expropriations of IPC and Cerro de Pasco were announced. Szyszlo himself had taken part in the coup to a certain extent by joining a score of prominent intellectuals in signing a public denunciation of Belaúnde for trying to come to terms with IPC. When my wife asked Szyszlo about Pope Paul's anti-birth-control pronouncements, he shrugged off the problem as unimportant. "Nobody, not even the Catholics in South America, is as concerned about birth control as you are . . . You Americans are concerned . . . because you want the underdeveloped countries to remain underdeveloped as an outlet for your cheap manufactured goods. We recognize that the larger the population, the greater the pressure for revolution."

When I recalled these responses to Szyszlo and his wife this time round, Blanca was horrified: "You *couldn't* have said those things, Fernando!"

The artist smiled and shook his head sadly. "But I did."

Did he now support Belaúnde? I asked.

"Wholeheartedly."

What had caused him to change his views so drastically?

"Intellectuals all over Latin America have changed," he told us, "all but Cortázar, García Márquez, perhaps Fuentes. We are disillusioned with Communism, with Marxism. We admit we were naïve. Even your friend Neruda was on the verge of abandoning his lifelong allegiance to the Communist Party when he died on the eve of

(Continues on page 240)

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THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE

Once More, without Feeling

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Love used to be thought important. Lovers, seeing themselves as individuals, loved the uniqueness they revealed to one another and were convinced that only one person could still their longing. Their conviction made it come true.

Sex was felt to be an expression of love, the physical confirmation of an emotional and social bond. But sex can be detached from this context. When it is, the objects of desire become fungible. Any bunny can stimulate and gratify a purely sexual craving, an appetite for sensation independent of emotion. So can a prostitute. (Women too can detach sex from sentiment, although historically they may have been more reluctant to do so than men.) Sex, after all, starts as a sensation, and is linked with feeling only as we grow up—if we do.

Some people conformed more, some less, and some not at all to the distinctive social ideal of Western civilization which, since Christianity, has attempted to fuse love, sex, and commitment "till death do us part." Promiscuity and prostitution, pornography and masturbation—sex independent of any other relationship—have always been with us. In the past they were widely regarded as signs of immaturity or disorder, at best as temporary and unsatisfactory substitutes for loving and lasting relationships. The ersatz was tolerated and resorted to, but not regarded as ideal.

That was before the sexual revolution, which Gay Talese celebrates in *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. The revolution is a change of attitude which affects a sufficient proportion of the public to make Talese's book a best-seller. The new attitude legitimizes and idealizes not love but sex, which it proclaims independent of emotional and social ties, a consumer good that should be available to anyone who has an appetite for it, like fast food. Masturbatory relationships and masturbation itself are the avowed revolutionary ideal.

By now the sexual revolution is pretty old stuff. But people do not tire of it: a plethora of books reiterates and elaborates on its dogma, and they all sell like hotcakes. Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex: A Cordon Bleu Guide to Lovemaking* admittedly is a sexual cookbook (illustrated) providing recipes to satisfy every appetite. (Spontaneity, which does not matter in cookery, does not seem to matter here either.) *The Sensuous Woman* (and successors) by "J" specializes in cute, "squeaky clean," but excruciatingly explicit varieties of sex for women (how to please men, yet enjoy it); Nancy Friday doggedly presents female and male sex fantasies with psychoanalytic garnish (*My Secret Garden*; *Forbidden Flowers*; *Men in Love*); the *Hite Report* (by Shere Hite), a paean to female masturbation, distinguished itself by coining the verb "to orgasm" (among other pseudo-scholarly trappings) and proudly using it on nearly every page. These books all belong to a genre, growing by leaps and bounds, which might be called "educational pornography": for people reluctant to take their pornography without a dollop of reassuring educational purpose.

Pornography willing to label itself as such usually glories in the wickedness of it all. In contrast, educational pornography is good for you and relentlessly informs you that sex is. I wonder about the instructional purpose. Are there really book-buyers who must be tutored about the techniques of masturbation? I suspect that anyone who cannot learn from experience and must resort to these manuals probably cannot be helped by them either: he has a learning difficulty—an inhibition or an anxiety—not likely to be overcome by reading.

Books on sexual techniques used to bear titles such as *Married Love* (unmarried lovers could manage without). Now these self-help manuals proclaim the independence of sex from love and marriage. Autonomous sex is thought to be liberated. Well, liberation is a point of view. Death may liberate you from life, and sex may liberate you from love—if you want to look at it this way.

Thy Neighbor's Wife is informative, but incoherent, not like a book but like the Sunday *Times*, although Talese's prose is more pretentious and illiterate than anything I ever read in the *Times*. Sentences such as the following abound. "The bureaucracy continues . . . to wield its costly ways on the taxpaying public" (p. 416). "Hamling had personally violated a crime" (p. 442). "The effect [of relentlessly showing pornographic movies to a group of college students] resulted largely in their boredom" (p. 376). (Incidentally, this surprised the scientists paid to conduct this experiment. But can the effect of seeing anything to excess be otherwise? Does satiety show that food does not stimulate or satisfy appetites?) Hugh Hefner is a "kind of genius with afflictions of immaturity" (p. 450) who "never tires of the consummate act" (p. 457), while Talese is "aroused by the imagery of a co-ed" (p. 524). Perhaps he writes better when not aroused; or, he had diligent copy editors when he was a reporter for the *New York Times*. They are missed.

Mr. van den Haag is a lecturer in sociology and psychology at the New School for Social Research, a professor of law at New York Law School, and a visiting distinguished scholar at the Heritage Foundation.

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Thy Neighbor's Wife includes a history of the nineteenth century Oneida community and a biography of its Perfectionist founder, John Noyes—perhaps because his religio-sexual doctrines could relate Oneida to Sandstone, a recently defunct California sex commune. But no attempt is made to demonstrate a relationship. (There is none.) Sandstone itself is lovingly described, and a biography of its founder, John Williamson, of his wife, and of others involved with Sandstone is given. There also is a lengthy case history of a sad and dull couple named Bullaro, who got sexually involved and disinvolved with both Williamsons and with Sandstone. It makes depressing reading.

There are biographies of perhaps half a dozen pornographers—Talese's word for them is "sexual expressionists"—who were protagonists in Supreme Court cases. The cases are lengthily detailed in the "human interest" mode. There are even biographies of some of the participating lawyers. There is an exhaustive account of Hugh Hefner and of his bunny empire. There is an account also of Al Goldstein and his magazine *Screw*, and a sketch of Wilhelm Reich, a physician who believed that health is measured by orgasmic potency and that the "orgones" he had discovered could be collected in a box and used to cure many diseases. There also are discussions of President Johnson's Commission on Pornography, of massage parlors, and numberless descriptions of glistening penises, erections, nipples, creamy thighs, moving buttocks, and all varieties of heterosexual activity. (Homosexuality is not mentioned.) Yet sex does not suffice to make the disparate parts of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* cohere. Without an organizing principle, the book is shapeless and goes nowhere, like Los Angeles translated into print.

Judgments are disavowed here, but unavowed biases abound. Some are predictable. According to Talese, pornographers are made to suffer by "illiberal judges and rightminded puritanical citizens" (p. 389), and the government summons "witnesses to denigrate [their] literature" (p. 395). Linda Lovelace, the star of the pornographic movie *Deep Throat*, is quoted: "The last person that started censorship was Adolf Hitler and the next thing they'll be doing is . . . taking away your TV and your radio" (p. 414). (The lady has since changed her mind and bitterly opposes pornography now. Still, she is formidable as a historian.)

Since he admits to being an escaped altarboy, Talese's anti-Catholic bias is predictable too, although its crudity is not. When President Johnson's pornography commission views pornographic movies, "perhaps the most mesmerized viewer, . . . though he blushed when the house lights went on, was Father Morton Hill" (p. 374). Since Talese was not present, he must have invented Father Hill's mesmerization, or, to be charitable, he accepted hearsay about a state of mind which is not readily observable. How does Talese know that the priest was "the *most* mesmerized viewer"? The world is full of mysteries.

THERE are some fascinating philosophical musings in *Thy Neighbor's Wife* "[the penis] is what conscripts [men] into military warfare and often sends them to premature death" (p. 117). "It is not by nature a monogamous organ. It knows no moral code . . . never concealing its prurient interest, it is man's most honest organ" (p. 116). True. I never met a penis which dishonestly concealed its prurient interest. Might one not say of the stomach, too, that it knows no moral code, conscripts men into military warfare, and often sends them to premature death? My stomach is quite honest; at least I never caught it concealing its appetites. Physical organs with moral codes are exceedingly rare; so are dishonest ones.

Talese is not much more cogent, though perhaps more original, as a sexual populist. He feels that the elite should not be allowed to withhold pornography from the masses. "The nude art that hangs in the great museums was created for . . . the upper classes . . . [Wasn't all art?] . . . while the photographs that appear in the [pornographic] magazines were printed for the common man . . . whose museum was the corner newsstand." I have my doubts. Doesn't *Playboy* brag about the high income of its readers? But let that go. What prevents the "common man" from seeing the art in museums? Surely museum visits are less expensive than skin magazines. Is the man who buys pornography at the newsstand interested in the art, nude or dressed, found in museums? Not usually—he wants pornography. To Talese it's all the same, on principle; but his "common man" is actually more discerning. He does not confuse Botticelli's paintings with *Playboy* pictures—nor does he, as Talese seems to do, regard these objects as equally valuable. And whatever he buys at the newsstand, the common man opposes pornography, as the polls indicate. The common man may be attracted by smut, but he also condemns it and his own attraction, on moral grounds. It is the populist members of the middle class that champion pornography.

Some voyeuristic and exhibitionistic tendencies remain in all of us from infancy; so does the allure of pure sex, sex *an sich*, unencumbered by such adult notions as limitation, knowledge, conflict, personality, relationship, obligation, commitment—by reality. Mostly we live and learn. But a few people try to go on dreaming or even living the pre-adolescent Utopia. They are catered to by *Playboy* and its incarnation, Hugh Hefner: bunnies, backgammon, and Pepsi Cola—what a life. Sandstone tried to institutionalize the fantasy. For a modest fee people spent their weekends nude, publicly fornicating with one another in all ways and groupings. Prominent left-wing intellectuals such as Max Lerner and Daniel Ellsberg disported themselves there and, not least, so did the didactic troubadour of *The Joy of Sex*, Alex Comfort. For less obsessed people (or people who have less time), massage parlors provide prostitution (credit cards accepted) throughout the country, while pornographic movies stimulate the appetite for it.

Talese describes all this at amazing length. Although deep down he wrote a remarkably shallow book, the lives he describes in solemn humorless prose do raise an important question, the question he believes they answer: By what values shall we live? Does unrestrained promiscuity really make life richer, or at least more amusing? Or will our lives be bereft of what meaning they might have for us? Although he tried hard to persuade me otherwise, Talese has convinced me that the sexual revolution he describes leads to emotional impoverishment and desperate boredom. Perhaps the merit, *malgré soi*, of *Thy Neighbor's Wife* is that it laid bare the desolate spectacle. □

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Abroad

Paris *Freedom from Oil*

France is the first major industrial country to cut its energy dependence on oil to below the 50 per cent mark. By the end of this decade the French government hopes to reduce the proportion of oil in its national energy requirement to 30 per cent. As soon as the OPEC boycott went into effect in 1973, plans were drawn up to reduce oil dependence. The first step was the large-scale development of nuclear energy, which in 1980, for example, increased 48 per cent over the preceding year. By the end of this year, two-thirds of France's electricity will come from nuclear sources. Another reason for the decrease in oil use is conservation, according to the Ministry of Energy. Last year, there was a reduction of 1.2 per cent in total energy consumption over 1979, and a drop of 6 per cent in gasoline use. Some of this reduction is no doubt due to higher prices of gas and fuel oil, as well as to general economic conditions; but the figures are there just the same. What is still unknown is how far development of other energy sources, especially nuclear ones, can be pushed if the economic return becomes unfavorable.

Tokyo *The Urban Disease*

Environmental anxiety is at last besieging Japan, the country that leads the world in production of steel, electronics, cameras, automobiles, and many other things. Industrial centers, particularly Tokyo, are so densely urbanized that even ordinary apartments within reach of factories and offices are too expensive for all but the wealthiest businessmen. Those who are unmarried often live in "dormitories" near where they work; the ordinary suburbanite must travel hours back and forth from his garden plot. Complaints abound about the lack of parks, overcrowded living conditions, noise pollution, traffic congestion, and lack of industrial zoning. A basic problem is that Tokyo, twice destroyed in this century—by an earthquake in 1923 and by fire-bombing in the Second World War—was twice rapidly rebuilt with hardly a thought for planning or environment. Urban congestion is in fact so bad that the government is developing a long-range plan to move the capital elsewhere should Tokyo, with its 11.5 million people, be crippled by another major earthquake. Some 140,000 persons were killed and 600,000 buildings destroyed in the 1923 disaster.

Dakar *French Presences*

Following the occupation of Chad by the Libyan troops of Colonel Qaddafi's Islamic Revolution, Paris is rapidly rethinking its position in the French-speaking countries of its former African colonial empire. Chad was once a strong French ally, and its "fusion" with Libya poses an evident threat to French influence in central and western Africa. France is now ready to strengthen its military garrisons in friendly African states should they ask it to. At present the French maintain six hundred troops in Senegal, five hundred in Gabon, 950 in the Central African Republic, and 450 in the Ivory Coast. In Niger and Cameroon, two countries that have a common frontier with Chad, France has only military advisory groups, but troops could be stationed there as well if the governments concerned so request. Talks to this effect are already in progress with Niger, a particularly sensitive country because of its large uranium resources.

Rome *Tied and Unknotted*

Antonia, 42, and Silvio, 55, had each been married and divorced already when they met several years ago at a Mardi Gras dance. They got on famously and were soon living together. The affair went on happily for a few months. Then, as Italian legal language puts it, they became victims of a psychological block and could no longer enjoy physical relations. The pair, after consulting doctors and psychiatrists, decided that a wedding could do the trick. So they repaired to the city hall and the civil authority tied the knot. But nothing continued to happen. The ceremony had no effect on their activities or lack of them. So Antonia and Silvio decided to give up and divorce each other. It did not matter, the court said in granting the decree, what happened before the marriage. "The proof of the lack of consummation after the ceremony being essential and sufficient," it concluded, "an inquiry into the reasons why consummation was impossible would be irrelevant."

Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

"Then I managed to get this job, advertising nuclear fallout shelters."

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The Moral Minority And The Savior

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

THE AMERICAN LEFT made an important discovery during the days of the antiwar movement: that one of the best networks in the United States supplying information, idealism, and legwork belongs to mainline religious organizations. Both the Institute for Policy Studies and Clergy and Laity Concerned have assiduously cultivated this national network, which operates simultaneously in most regions and cities of the country. The Left has splendid access to the religious news services. The speakers, pamphlets, and books of the Left are featured at many meetings, workshops, study groups, and summer camps around the land.

This network, in itself, is a neutral thing. But it is national in scope, instant in its ability to respond, and powerful in its reach. It is stronger in secular America than in religious America. One of its sworn opponents is "the Moral Majority," which has had to go outside secular institutions to build a network of its own. Thus, "Moral Majority" now meets "Moral Minority." Unable to re-elect Jimmy Carter, the latter managed to get great publicity for a pre-emptive blast at newly elected President Reagan on human rights last December. It has been particularly effective in blanketing the religious press with the Left's version of events in El Salvador.

According to the Left, El Salvador is a tiny nation crying out for social revolution; its indigenous Catholic Church eagerly supports the current crop of revolutionaries and opposes the government. The government is so evil that there is no longer any "middle" in the country, only a stark choice between a leftist revolution and horrible repression. Americans' concern for human rights requires the U.S. not only to withhold support from the existing government but, in effect, to welcome a revolution from the Left.

Thomas E. Quigley, the lay expert on Latin America of the National Catholic Conference, asserts that geopolitical considerations have little or nothing to do with the revolution, which he portrays as pre-eminently a popular revolution from within. Naturally, there are "some" Marxists involved—how could things be otherwise?—and perhaps a minimum of support from Cuba, Nicaragua, the PLO, and (ultimately) the Soviet Union —but not enough to justify the old, discredited "cold war" mentality. So says the Left, through him.

The Left fondly believes that social revolutions in Central America will end up producing something like the social democracies of Western Europe. A few would not mind if the revolution ended up producing something like Cuba or Nicaragua. (Nicaragua has 6,500 political prisoners; it has publicly admitted that some have been tortured. The Left prefers to dwell on the one hundred political prisoners still held in Chile.)

MANY OF the Catholic clergy and active laity in El Salvador itself, however, do not support the revolution of the Left. Using traditional just-war theory, Bishop Rivera y Damas preached a sermon at the beginning of the year which recognized existing injustices, but pointedly did not claim that the alternative offered by the revolutionaries showed promise of being a better alternative, or was likely of success. At the very least, one must say that the Catholic Church of El Salvador is divided.

No one doubts the cruelty of some opposed to changes in the status quo and of others who have accepted the challenge of revolution, terrorism, and civil war. Some who fight either for the status quo or against leftist revolution seem also to be alienating some of their potential allies in the peasantry and other sectors of the population by indiscriminate terror and mayhem of their own. Why make unnecessary enemies? Stupidity adds to other sins.

The guerrillas are said to number five thousand (some boast ten thousand) well-trained and well-armed troops. Published reports indicate that several hundred have been trained outside El Salvador by Cuban and Nicaraguan military experts. (The Cuban army is the largest in South America; Nicaragua's is now second.) Significant logistical support is required for armies of that size: salaries, food, arms, communications gear, technical assistance, supply lines. Published reports indicate that in several key respects the guerrillas are better armed (with grenade launchers, for example) than the Salvadoran army.

Is there no middle ground in El Salvador? When "the final offensive" was declared with much hoopla by the guerrillas—by delegates in Mexico City as well as in El Salvador—the population was invited to join a general strike and to take up the revolution in a popular uprising. The popular uprising did not occur. Neither did the general strike.

Traditionally, Salvadoran governments have lacked the legitimacy known in more politically stable cultures of the world. El Salvador has had more than thirty governments since 1932. A government may gain temporary power, but only until its rivals wrest it away. Legitimacy is not conceded.

What should the United States do? Several Caribbean and Central American states—Jamaica, most recently—have freely chosen against the Left, in favor of governments committed to progress toward democratic capitalism. The Cuban drift toward tyrannical socialism, economic decay, and financial dependence on the USSR is not inevitable.

Quite independently of geopolitical considerations, there are moral reasons for working to bring about a military stand-off, ceasefire, and negotiated reconciliation of differences in El Salvador. No state which has experienced a self-declared socialist revolution has ever yet been reformed into a democracy, tolerated dissent, encouraged individual liberties, or experienced a revolution against its own tyranny. Jamaica is inherently more worthy of support, as an ideal of political economy, than Cuba or Nicaragua.

El Salvador is named for the Savior. The blood shed by its people in the name of liberation, peace, and justice would be betrayed by a political economy like that of Cuba or Nicaragua. It is worth fighting for a better alternative than socialism. It seems morally obligatory to do so. □

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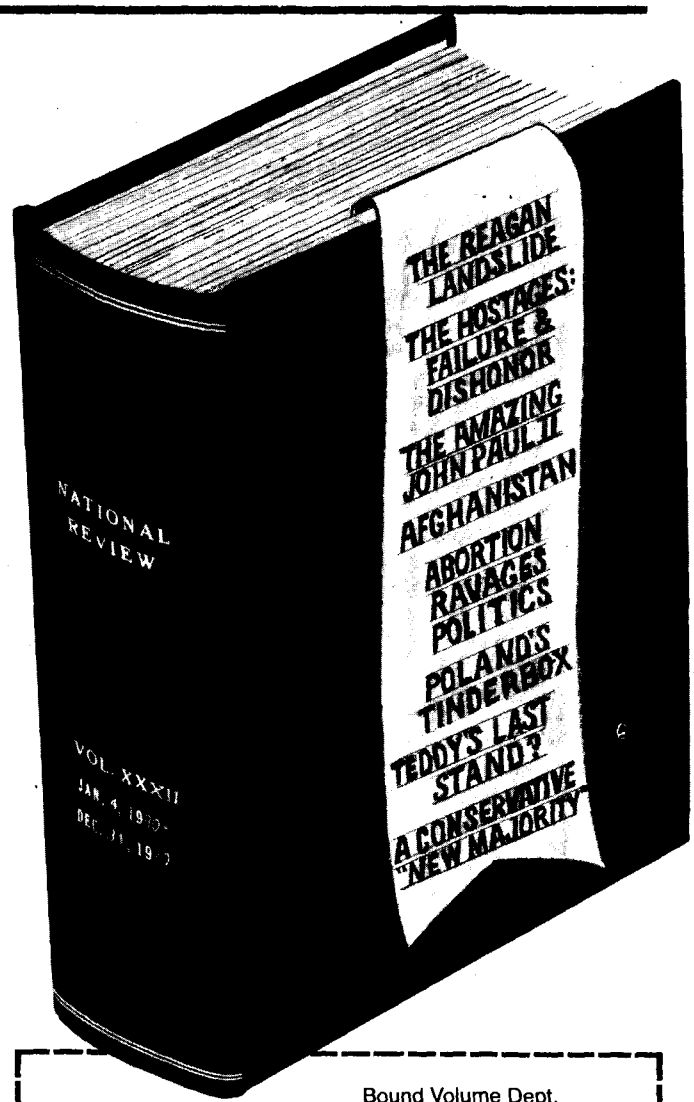

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Books Arts & Manners

Acting in Character

KENNETH S. LYNN

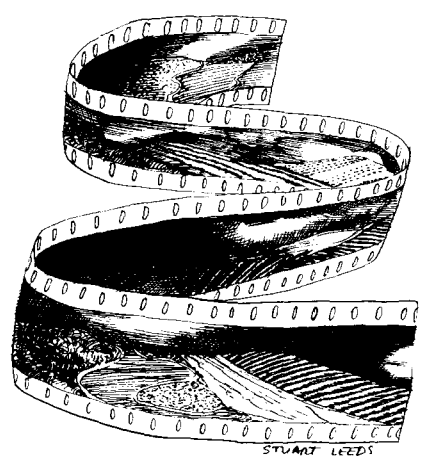
Naming Names
By Victor S. Navasky
Viking, 482 pp., $15.95

According to Budd Schulberg, who knows Hollywood not only because he himself used to be a screenwriter, but because he grew up there as the son of one of the original movie moguls, the Communist Party in the Thirties and Forties was particularly attractive to hack writers and other hirelings of limited talent who felt guilty about making big money for doing nothing important. Paying 10 per cent dues to the Party, says Schulberg, caused them to feel better about themselves.

Feel better, perhaps, but not really good; for by what other than the persistence of an enormous sense of guilt can one account for the readiness of most Communists in the film capital to don sackcloth and ashes whenever the Party's cultural commissars expressed disapproval of them? The writer Albert Maltz, for instance, once had the temerity to argue in *New Masses* that creative works ought not to be judged primarily by their formal ideology. For this modest venture into independent-mindedness, Maltz was denounced by John Howard Lawson and other guardians of the faith as anti-Marxist—to which grave charge the errant author responded with an abject apology for having indulged in a "one-sided, non-dialectical treatment."

In testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in the Fifties, a parade of witnesses from movieland eventually made it clear that their romance with Communism was over. At the request of the Committee —which was anxious to demonstrate to the people of the United States exactly how many servants of Soviet power were at work in the great manufactory of American dreams—they also reeled off the name of every Hollywood Communist they had personally known. Observers at the time vigorously debated whether the candor of the witnesses sprang from a genuine anti-Communism, or from a fear of being blacklisted by their employers or indicted by the Committee. Almost no one, however, thought to point out that in making their penitential confessions the witnesses were simply acting in character. Only after some of them went through a new round of self-abasement a quarter of a century later would the psychological compulsions that have ruled their lives become clear to everyone but the willfully blind.

Armed with a tape recorder and an intellectual implacability that rivals John Howard Lawson's, Victor S. Navasky hunted down the Hollywood informers in the late Seventies and demanded to know why they had finked on their comrades. In more instances than not, the answers this relentless inquisitor has reproduced in his new book, *Naming Names*, constitute either tacit or explicit mea culpas, and, in the course of making them, his witnesses refer again and again to the "shame" and the "guilt" that haunt their memories.



In addition to asking loaded questions, Navasky is also given to loaded characterizations. Thus Elia Kazan, who adamantly refused to be interrogated, is described with withering sarcasm. "There is method to Kazan's reticence. It's a strategic silence, as much mystification as anything else. There is about it the strong hint that were he at liberty or inclined to tell all, had he but the time to say his say or get it on paper, the painful nobility of his action would at last be appreciated. But don't get him wrong. It was a tough decision either way and he is as ambivalent today as he was then." About those witnesses, however, who cooperated with Navasky by telling him they were sorry they had cooperated with the Committee, *Naming Names* is all sweetness and light. "A gentle man, David Raksin cried several times during our talk as he recalled the pain he had brought to himself and others."

Yet even though we are meant to admire their sensitivity, the real heroes of *Naming Names* are not the repentant weepers like Raksin, but the tough guys who resisted the Committee first and last, the so-called Hollywood Ten. "Perhaps they did it for the rest of us," Navasky writes. "Perhaps they did it because it was the right thing to do. . . . They have emerged in the culture as moral exemplars; they taught us how to act, and as a result appear to have made it more difficult to happen again." These tight-lipped men were not totalitarians posing as libertarians, as certain anti-Communists have nastily continued to allege, they were true lovers of freedom

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—like Navasky himself. Freedom's enemies in the Hollywood investigation were the demagogues and opportunists on the Committee, for the sole purpose of their attention to the movies was "to exploit nativism and know-nothing passions."

Navasky scornfully dismisses the argument that Communist filmmakers attempted through their work to influence the American mind by saying that "the collective nature of work in the Hollywood studio system . . . precluded individual attempts at agitprop." Unfortunately, this bold statement is offered to us without any illustrative details about how the studio system actually succeeded in suppressing individual visions, or any content analysis of films with which Communist directors, writers, and actors were significantly associated. Even though he would like to be thought of as a responsible historian, the actual business of the author of *Naming Names* is the perpetuation of leftist myths.

NAVASKY'S version of those myths is often more moderately formulated than the versions of a quarter of a century ago. Where John Howard Lawson spoke in certainties, Navasky is often content just to cast doubts or raise possibilities. Thus he does not say that Truman was the aggressor in the Fifties, he simply leaves the question open as to whether "Truman rather than Stalin was the true father of the cold war." Instead of calling Whittaker Chambers a liar and David Greenglass a stool pigeon, he merely lets us know that in his opinion we still cannot be sure that "Chambers told the truth at the Alger Hiss trial" or that "Greenglass told the truth at the Rosenberg trial." Some readers might conclude from such statements that Navasky is an awfully slow learner, but I myself believe that by substituting tentativeness for stridency he may well develop into a more effective distorter of historical truth than the cultural commissars of yore. □

Matthew Gurewitsch *is a freelance critic living in New Haven. . . .* **Kenneth S. Lynn** *is a professor of history at Johns Hopkins. . . .* **William Murchison** *is an editor with the* Dallas Morning News. . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** *is a financial writer and consultant.*

All Things to All Men
By Godfrey Hodgson
Simon and Schuster, 296 pp., $12.95

CHECKS AND HANDICAPS

JOSEPH SOBRAN

I want to get a compliment off my chest before I get down to serious bitching. Godfrey Hodgson can *write*. Without vain displays of peacock prose or Mailer-esque metaphor he can be reasonably colorful even at his most serious, and he can make analysis read like narrative. This is the skill of a real professional, and it comes of the deep civility of British writing. The English may differ among themselves as to the rights of man, but they are united on the more fundamental question of the rights of readers. Mr. Hodgson's readers will find their rights splendidly represented in his general vigor and clarity.

Now that's done, I must say I thought his widely hailed previous book, *America in Our Time*, greatly overrated. As a chronicle of this country between World War II and Nixon it was as tendentious as it was readable, positing an undefined "fundamental social and institutional change" as the unquestioned *telos* of American life. His history was implicitly wrapped around the contours of socialism, for which reason it won the enthusiastic praise of the implicit socialists who dominate American book-reviewing.

All Things to All Men—subtitled *The False Promise of the Modern Presidency*—also assumes that the purpose of our politics is to generate "change" (i.e., some form of socialism). And it is a very shrewd account of why the Presidency hasn't succeeded in doing this (even when Nixon wasn't President), plus some concluding prescriptions as to how the office might be used, within the limits of constitutional structure, to work with other forces—Congress, the parties, the media—to do it better. His structural analysis is objective enough that you can detach it from his views and apply it for ends other than his.

Hodgson's own ends are tacitly at odds with the philosophy underlying our constitutional system. On page 43 he can observe that "Nixon from time to time claimed powers and immunities for his office that, if successfully asserted, would have had the effect of radically upsetting the constitutional system of checks and balances and replacing the constitutional President with a new style of chief executive whose virtually absolute power was justified by the supposed requirements of 'national security' and qualified only by the need to win a 'mandate' from the voters every four years." There we have a smooth rendition of the new collectivist approach. A few years ago the respectable Left pinned its hopes on just such a rogue Presidency: see James MacGregor Burns, whom Hodgson has studied carefully and intelligently.

HODGSON, though, knows, as Burns didn't, that this older approach won't work, and no doubt senses (even writing before Reagan won the Republican nomination) that a strong Presidency today would most likely represent the popular spirit of conservatism.

So, on page 47, he can turn around and write: "In the whole of the twentieth century there have been only three relatively brief periods when the government of the United States overcame the handicaps imposed by the Constitution and worked sweetly to produce rapid and necessary change, only three periods when innovative and capable Presidents worked creatively with a cooperative majority in Congress to achieve a significant body of legislative reform and social action." Good heavens, what a change in tone! Suddenly our revered "checks and balances" become "handicaps" to "necessary change"; the Constitution which (one might think) *constitutes* the government of the United States becomes an *impediment* to said government; forcing us to ask, Then what on earth *is* that government? Not that I think Mr. Hodgson wants to ask. He certainly doesn't seem to want to answer. His tacit premises are, as I say, approximately socialist. And American socialism, which Mr. Hodgson is here to abet, got as far as it did only by remaining good and tacit.

So the strategy he is recommending to his urbane co-religionists is one of turning the Presidency into a spearhead of "party leadership" for "social reform" and "social action" more or less

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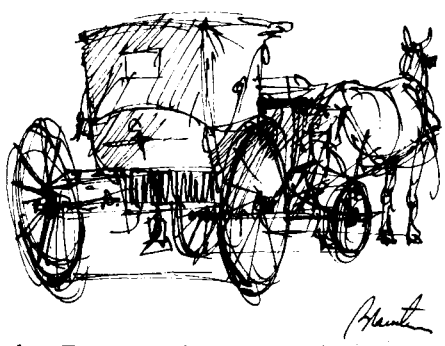
on the British model. "Only if the President is rearmed with the support that comes from party leadership can he be freed from dangerous reliance on personal popularity courted by means of the media and registered by the opinion polls."

It is hard not to suspect that he was writing at a time when it appeared that, even with a dark Reaganite cloud gathering on the horizon, the Democratic Party would remain strong, the Republican Party feeble; and that, in consequence, linking presidential power to party power looked like the best way to neutralize any antisocialist element that might find its way to the Oval Office. I doubt that he has seriously contemplated the dark possibility that "cooperation" between President and Congress might produce a different kind of "social reform" and "social action" than he had in mind.

Having said all that, I commend the book. It will tell even conservative Americans many things they didn't know about our own form of government. Hodgson realizes (though he understandably doesn't make much of it) that



the Framers of the Constitution expected congressional legislation to be *an exceptional rather than a routine* thing (wherefore they erected all those damned "handicaps," producing, as Willmoore Kendall observed, precisely what Burns denounced as "deadlock"). He makes a shrewd comparison between the British chancery and the American federal bureaucracy, which, as he observes, is *not* truly bureaucratic, in that it lacks overall hierarchy and clear subordination to its nominal superiors. The book abounds in such insights. Though the recipe is dubious, the ingredients are delicious and nourishing. If I have quoted some of the more turgid passages, it is because at strategic points Hodgson has to obscure his meaning. □

How to Limit Government Spending
By Aaron Wildavsky
University of California Press, 197 pp., $8.95

NOW OR NEVER

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Two years ago Professor Wildavsky took part in the final drafting sessions, sponsored by the National Tax Limitation Committee, that led to the Heinz-Stone amendment (SJR-56, April 5, 1979). Shortly thereafter he lectured on this subject at the University of Pennsylvania, and this book is the outcropping of those lectures.

Surely no subject could be more timely. President Reagan, after all, is the very man who sponsored the first serious study of constitutional tax and spending limitations, back in 1972, when he was Governor of California (he enlisted Milton Friedman in the brain trust). Since then a dozen states have amended their constitutions to provide some control over the rate of growth of taxing and spending, and the movement continues in dozens of other states. At the federal level, however, it has been stalled, for a variety of reasons having little to do with the merits of the proposal. Now that the original political advocate of the idea is President of the United States, the time is ripe for action.

First a quick review. The need to limit the growth of government has become apparent, not only because the total size of the tax bite is now painful at all levels, but because it is now clear that the normal political process is helpless in the face of "uncontrollable" spending. Spending is uncontrollable because special interests can afford to wage battle in favor of individual spending programs whereas the general interest cannot. Legislators vote for individual programs, not for spending totals. Budgets keep climbing even while taxpayers and politicians as a group deplore the rise of spending totals.

The legislatures cannot control themselves; even if they could, one legislature cannot bind the hands of the next one. The courts have consistently refused to impinge on the sovereignty of the legislature in writing tax and spending laws. The Executive branch can only propose laws; the legislature, still helpless, must act; and won't. Only one legal avenue of action remains open under the American polity, and that is the avenue of constitutional amendment; this is why Milton Friedman calls it "our only hope."

The amendment offered by the Friedman group, whose full text appears in an appendix in this book, limits the growth of total outlays in a fiscal year to the percentage growth of nominal GNP in the calendar year preceding the start of that fiscal year. If inflation exceeds 3 per cent, the rise in total outlays permitted is 3 per cent plus three-fourths of the excess of inflation over 3 per cent (i.e., the government is docked for excessive inflation). Surplus receipts are used to reduce the national debt. If the President declares an emergency, the Congress may override the limit by a two-thirds vote of both houses. A permanent change in the limit may be instituted by a three-fourths vote of both houses when approved by the legislatures of a majority of the states (of course a permanent *reduction* in the limit may occur by a simple majority vote of the Congress). Maintenance of grants to states and localities is guaranteed for the first six years. The Federal Government is prohibited from mandating new expenditures on the states without providing necessary compensation. Enforcement may be by suit brought in the District of Columbia by any member of Congress, naming the Treasurer as defendant.

WILDAVSKY discusses this amendment, and also the shorter version offered by William Niskanen (then chief economist at Ford Motor), giving useful analysis of "winners and losers" and some hard-nosed talk about various systems of evasion. He disagrees with Friedman's analysis of the "basic structural flaw" in our political institutions without offering a cogent alternative explanation for the seeming paradox that inflation and deficits continue during a twenty-year period when every major politician campaigns on a platform of sound money and balanced budgets. He gives a useful summary of the main objections to the amendment (too long, unnecessary, too technical, biased toward

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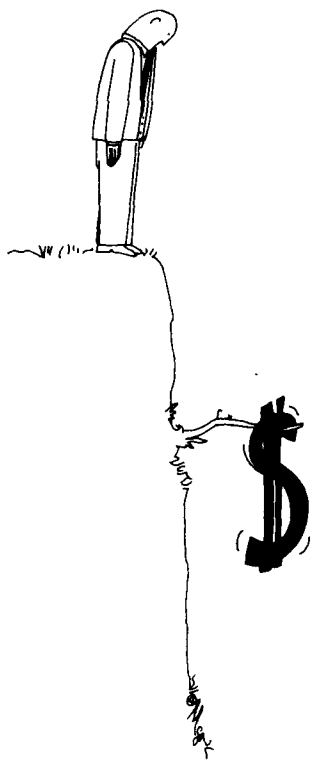
certain groups, too rigid, won't work) and offers solid rebuttals. Unfortunately, Wildavsky's work is marred by huge omissions (by now we ought to have a history of the tax-limitation movement and a survey of the actual results in the several states that have adopted such amendments) and by editing lapses that are hardly to be believed in a work coming off a university press. Wildavsky should have known better than to say the amendment names the Secretary of the Treasury as defendant; it's the Treasurer of the United States. And "restorating presidential powers" indeed! And—get a grip on yourself—here's the "Hoot-Smalley tariff" for connoisseurs of goofball publishing; and, yes sir, it's duly indexed, by some ignoramus, under Hoot.

So it's half a book on a subject that deserves a book and a half. But the important thing is that it has appeared and the discussion is open. President Reagan, in his inaugural address, mentioned that the job of economic reconstruction might take a long time. If Friedman is right, as I think he is, the first step toward reconstruction is a constitutional limitation on the growth of federal spending.

Mr. Reagan used to understand that quite well. One hopes, for the good of the Republic, that he still does. □



Without Fear or Favor
By Harrison E. Salisbury
Times Books, 630 pp., $17.50

INDIFFERENT DAGWOOD

WILLIAM MURCHISON

It's no wonder that books cost so much these days, when there are authors like Harrison Salisbury on the loose. As windy as a locker-room raconteur spilling the details of every chip shot, every putt, he is awesome at making a short story long.

Salisbury's "uncompromising look at the *New York Times*" (as the subtitle would have it) compromises neither with the reader's patience nor with the paper shortage. The anecdotes, the details, are piled up like a Dagwood sandwich—630 pages and more than 300,000 words. Half as much would have sufficed to tell the story, which seems to be (the sprawling narrative and eccentric organization sometimes make it hard to tell) an account of how in the 1970s the *New York Times* became "that Fourth Estate, that fourth co-equal branch of government of which men like Thomas Carlyle spoke."

The *Times*, a great and mighty newspaper, deserves better than the ponderous, soporific treatise that Salisbury, once an asteroid among the *Times*' star reporters, has concocted. The story is undoubtedly worth telling; for the *Times*, like other media organs, has in fact undergone a kind of transformation. Not so broad a one, I think, as Salisbury suggests, but a transformation nevertheless.

Under Adolph S. Ochs and Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who reigned throughout the first half of the twentieth century, the *Times* was merely a solidly professional newspaper, giving "the news without fear or favor" (as Ochs put it). Like any paper, it had biases, but these were relatively genteel. The *Times* was no disturber of the national peace—rather, a soother of national passions when they got to running too high. How could it revile or criticize the Establishment? It was part of the Establishment.

Salisbury's purpose is to show how all this has changed over the past 15 years or so. The Pentagon Papers episode is the focus of the book. Indeed, for 351 pages, the reader surmises that this is all the book is about; then suddenly, in the middle of a chapter, Salisbury shifts ground and begins talking about how the *Times* covered civil rights in the South. This goes on for a while. Then Salisbury discusses A. M. Rosenthal, the *Times*' distinguished executive editor. Watergate comes next; finally, a discourse on how the *Times* assumed its critical attitude toward the CIA.

Publication of the Pentagon Papers was in fact a break with *Times* tradition. Far from being critical of the government, the bygone *Times* was protective. During World War II, it killed stories that, in its own judgment, not necessarily the military's, would have compromised the war effort. When Daniel Ellsberg tendered the papers to Neil Sheehan, old hands around the *Times* were apprehensive, if not downright hostile. Ultimately it was decided that the people's right to read a Pentagon-commissioned history of the Vietnam War outweighed fears for national security.

THE *Times*' evaluation of the Pentagon Papers was probably correct. They reflected no credit on the way the war had been waged; but, then, no credit was due, Johnson's and Kennedy's war policies having been devious and incoherent. The papers do not appear to have disclosed secrets of great consequence. In any case, the excerpts run by the *Times* were heavy going, and probably got read by a distinct minority of the *Times*' readers.

Whether this was a judgment for a newspaper, any newspaper, to indulge in was another matter. The *Times*' Max Frankel reasoned that the government over-classified its own material and in any case was always declassifying secrets—leaking them to the press—for the sake of momentary political advantage. A virtuous newspaper had the duty of passing on what it learned, if what it learned was likely to benefit the public—or so, at any rate, the *Times* convinced itself.

A couple of considerations detract from this lofty view. One is that newspapers, as much as banks and department stores, thrive on competition—on thumbing their noses as they go flying past the opposition in a blaze of head-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST MARCH TITLES: David Chaffetz's *A Journey through Afghanistan: A Memorial* (Regnery, $12.95) is a fascinating travel book about a brave and beleaguered country. . . . *At the Barricades: Forty Years on the Cutting Edge of History* (Times, $15) is Wilfred Burchett's professional autobiography in which the journalist recounts his days in Moscow and Vietnam. (Even the advance reviewers note that Burchett, who lived in the USSR from 1956 to 1965, says nothing about Gulag or the suppression of dissenters, although he describes himself as "radically nonaligned.") There is an Introduction by Harrison Salisbury.

■ SOME APRIL TITLES: *The Struggle for Afghanistan* (Cornell, $14.95), by Nancy Peabody Newell and Richard S. Newell, provides a recent history of the country, and calls for a collective defense of Mideastern countries threatened by the USSR.

Carlos Baker's *Ernest Hemingway: Selected Letters 1917-1961* (Scribner's, $27.50) contains nearly six hundred letters, and is the first such collection ever to be published. . . . *The Collected Stories of Caroline Gordon* (Farrar, $15), with an Introduction by Robert Penn Warren, will shortly be available. . . . *Basin and Range* (Farrar, $10.95) is John McPhee's latest book, about that portion of the Great American Desert lying between eastern Utah and eastern California.

Peter F. Drucker's *Toward the Next Economics and Other Essays* (Harper & Row, $11.95) is a wide-ranging collection of pieces on various aspects of money, management, and society. . . . In *The Ethnic Myth: Race, Ethnicity, and Class in America* (Atheneum, $12.95), Stephen Steinberg attacks the notion that American society can be readily understood in terms of ethnicity, and argues that the economic interpretation is far more useful and germane. . . . Michael J. Arlen's *New Yorker* essays have been brought together as *The Camera Eye: Essays on Television* (Farrar, $12.95). —CW

lines or profits reports. The *Times* took pride in scooping the rest of the world on the Pentagon Papers; and Salisbury reports that Ben Bradlee was frantic over being left at the *Washington Post* without an obvious face-saving scoop of his own. Other *Times* competitors were equally distraught; in due course, a number of them procured and published their own copies of the papers. Similarly, when the *Post* started beating the *Times*' pants off on Watergate, it was the *Times*' turn to feel upstaged. If the mammoth scoop has to do with public service, so does it have to do with the need for public recognition.

Salisbury maintains that the *Times*' top men are conservative folk—that the paper's opposition to the Vietnam War had nothing to do with the printing of the Pentagon Papers. Perhaps not. Yet all the great causes that have supposedly redefined the *Times*' role as a newspaper—Vietnam, the CIA, civil rights, Watergate—have been causes in which the Left to one degree or another engaged the Right. Whether the *Times* deliberately sought ideological targets, the targets it chose were all of the same character. The *Times*' great disclosures do not discomfit liberals, only conservatives, or at any rate those (like Richard Nixon) often identified with conservative positions. Salisbury calls the modern *Times* "a surrogate for the people." One might fairly ask: Which people? I would be interested to see a study of how opinions and viewpoints percolate upward from the newsroom to the executive offices. Salisbury talks about the hardening antiwar convictions of the paper's Vietnam correspondents, including Sheehan, but lets the matter go at that.

Nor is that all he lets go. Salisbury closes without any attempt to wrestle with the implications of all that he has said. Given the excruciating length of the book, maybe that is just as well. But it leaves hanging such questions as whether the press is entitled to all the power it claims and what assurances there are against abuse of power.

I doubt, when all is said, that the *Times* has staked out so comprehensive a role in American life as Salisbury suggests. The press is powerful—it has always been powerful. But "a fourth co-equal branch of government"? That assumes not only power but authority, which the press, at bottom a business enterprise, conspicuously lacks. There is much talk these days, not only in Salisbury's writings but elsewhere, of how the press "sets the national agenda." It does nothing of the kind. It responds to events already in motion—and does so with a lamentably short attention span. Salisbury himself acknowledges that the *Times* never followed up on what was actually disclosed in the Pentagon Papers. It published, won its Pulitzer (for Outstanding Merit in Copying), and moved on to other matters. There are those of us who admire and cherish the *Times*—but the real *Times*, not the slightly mythical one that Salisbury seeks to fob off on his readers. □

DANCE

THE MUSEUM AND THE ACADEMY

MATTHEW GUREWITSCH

It is common knowledge, even beyond the dance world, that American Ballet Theatre has now entered the new era of Mikhail Baryshnikov's artistic directorship. To those of us who gather our impressions of the company from its New York seasons, the advance reports from its Washington debut under new management suggest no startling departures. New acquisitions of greater or lesser merit are put on display or withdrawn; new faces appear, familiar ones vanish; but the aesthetic remains the same, with institutional stability resting on the permanent collection of classics. ABT is still a museum. It looks backward.

The New York City Ballet, by contrast, is a living academy, and the fountainhead of neoclassicism. If from time to time the company pays tribute to its imperial nineteenth century heritage, its continued vitality derives from the constant, inquisitive re-examination of its home-grown repertoire, and from the steady production of new choreography that illuminates, comments on, realigns, and enhances the domain of its evolving traditions.

At this time of year, there is plenty of space between these two most prestigious of American dance institutions. But the cycles of New York's cultural calendar have over the past few years brought more or less into phase their spring and summer seasons. During their overlapping engagements at Lincoln Center, the contrast between them

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leaps into especially bold relief. To their stricter partisans, each is a world complete unto itself, indeed the paradigm of all a ballet company ought to be. But from a more catholic perspective, the two may be taken to bracket the spectrum of a single art to which both are dedicated.

The term *classical ballet* refers on the one hand to a highly codified vocabulary and style of dancing, and on the other to a genre and a body of work, the legacy of czarist Russia. Within the fully articulated classical pieces (such as *Swan Lake* and *The Sleeping Beauty*), the classical style stands at the apex of a precisely structured hierarchy, above the level of demi-caractère (or dramatic) dancing, in which the strictures of academicism are somewhat relaxed; and above the non-dance level of formalized mime. Pure classicism is the province of the prima ballerina, her cavalier, and the women of the corps, who multiply her likeness. Lyric rather than narrative, it is the mode of the pure-dance interlude; and when the leading lady and her danseur need to descend from the allusiveness of image to the particulars of story, they resort fleetingly to episodes in mime.

Like the romantic ballerina, whose period, the age of *Giselle* and *La Sylphide*, came earlier, the classical ballerina portrays a character, the heroine of a tale. But in consequence of the sharper stylistic differentiations of the classical dance theater, she becomes at the same time the guardian of the harmonious classical style; her correctness is no less at issue than her expressivity. Therefore, to lay the refinement of her schooling open to scrutiny (and appreciation), she discards the flowing skirt and "speaking" gestures of romanticism, and dons the short tutu. Her technique and artistry are set to sparkle in a glittering, composite theatrical framework that calls all the resources of drama, stage design, and music into play.

In contrast, the abstract neoclassical style, of which the City Ballet's George Balanchine is the originator and incomparable practitioner, strips away the classical ballet's nonterpsichorean trappings to potentiate the charge of the dancing itself. With its compact step combinations and highly embellished floor patterns, the neoclassical style is distinguished most sharply from the classical in allegro. Within its narrower compass, neoclassical ballet is a more concentrated, intricate, and demanding art.

At the level of the corps, the standards of execution in Balanchine's company are now remarkable, even breathtaking. Detractors routinely take his lower orders to task for their supposed lack of discipline, and certainly they have been known to give cheerfully ragged performances. But the speed and complexity of his inventions are often enhanced by the accent of freedom that subtle variations in attack and timing allow, as in this season's proud, daring accounts of *Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2*, with its files of reveling ladies launched exultantly into flight by their dashing cavaliers; and as for discipline, there is no company in the world that could better the corps's showing last spring in the rapid-fire counterpoint of the outer movements of *Concerto Barocco*, Balanchine's wondrous elaboration of J. S. Bach's concerto for two violins.

During ABT's last New York season, the corps was unreliable. But ballet is distinguishable from what is known as "precision dancing" (*à la* the Rockettes), and mechanical synchrony is not everything. The company looked best in "The Kingdom of the Shades," which they have been dancing since 1974 as a self-contained excerpt; it is now seen as the central act of Natalia Makarova's full-length production of *La Bayadère*, after Marius Petipa, the supreme exponent of St. Petersburg classicism. The tale of the temple dancer Nikiya, whose high-born rival, Gamzatti, has her killed for love of Solor, the valiant, vacillating warrior, comes down to us via the Kirov, Makarova's training ground and home company before she chose to seek her artistic fortunes in the West. As she learned it, it is an unclassical patchwork of afterthoughts and

interpolations (to which she has added a good deal of her own): the ballet features all the stylistic categories of the nineteenth century (plus some others), without, however, observing the classical hierarchic conventions. But the dream vision has survived essentially as first conceived; at ABT, it was as close to pure Petipa as Makarova was able to make it.

Many years had passed since she herself had last superintended its moves and its stillnesses. Her new attention to it showed. Stepping forth one by one from their grotto to the empty stage, filling it, rising softly onto pointe to shimmer like a moonlit pool, ranks meeting and parting in gently bursting waves, then receding to the margins to revolve like graces in lacy pinwheels, the ghostly maidens of the revival recaptured, after seasons of prosaic routine, their figures' lost mystery and poetry.

THE principal roles were handed about with great indiscretion. In the parade of Nikiyas, Martine van Hamel alone offered a portrayal not slavishly and palely copied from the Makarova original; she was gracious, passionate, delicate in phrasing, marmoreal in *plastique*. The vision scene found her both supremely correct *and* expressive. After Anthony Dowell, in the first cast, Solor too fell to numerous unsuitable and inadequate performers. I regret having missed Fernando Bujones's portrayal, which must have been outstanding. Bujones may lack the blessing of enchantment, but as he demonstrated in *Swan Lake*, he now has every adornment talent, hard work, and intelligence can confer: musicality; schoolbook clarity, even in flights of bravura quite unforeseen by the nineteenth century masters; controlled yet titanic power; resourcefulness in making a story immediate and credible. The most extraordinary male variations I did witness in *La Bayadère* were the ninety seconds of exotic fireworks by the Bronze Idol (Danilo Radojevic and Johan Renvall alternated in the part). The cameo, a twentieth century interpolation, might serve as an emblem of Makarova's achievement with her production: though not authentic, its operatic extravagance in its own way evokes, probably as fully as can be, the strangeness and magic of the classical ballet theater.

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Balanchine's neoclassical ballets do not depend on the imaginative reconquest of the past: their pure abstraction preserves them from the grosser changes of fashion, and when the right contemporary dancers are assembled to perform them, they recreate themselves as the art of the hour. Perhaps the standards for success are no different here than in the classical ballet: ideally, the executants must be correct and expressive—but correct in an infinitely more elaborate grammar, and expressive without recourse to stories or "ideas."

The three-week repertory period at the beginning of the winter season, preceding the annual suspension of regular activity for the holiday run of *The Nutcracker*, was perhaps too short a time to demonstrate the company's depth and range. Besides, the absence of the injured Merrill Ashley, the reigning nonpareil of purest neoclassicism, took its toll in that department. But Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, who explicated the starry text of the Stravinsky ballet *Apollo* with such piercing, cool lucidity, were no less astonishing in *Agon*, another masterpiece in the Stravinsky-Balanchine canon. They also returned in Balanchine's latest creation, *Robert Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze,"* unveiled last June, where with their colleagues they advanced yet further into the heart of these enigmatic variations. As at ABT, much at the City Ballet falls outside the classical-neoclassical spectrum, and with *Davidsbündlertänze* we edge into Balanchinian neoromanticism. And that is another story. □

DELECTATIONS

THE BASSIN TASTE

NIKA HAZELTON

Every now and then in one's professional life there comes an occasion that stands out as being pleasure rather than work. Such was a wine tasting I recently attended along with some other wine writers. The tasting—given by a young wine merchant, Barry Bassin, and his wife, Carol—was memorable for its surroundings, its wines, and its relaxed atmosphere.

The usual wine tastings are by no means the rollicking affairs many people imagine, but occasions for sober evaluation (you spit out what you taste, for the obvious reason) in commercial surroundings. All too often, they are indifferent experiences at best. I am not the only wine writer to resent the pressure put on us at tastings where there are far too many wines, and far too much condescension.

THE Bassins have a different idea: luncheon tastings, at which only a few wines are presented, along with food carefully chosen to set them off—all as they might be in a nice home. The tastings are held in a large, airy multi-level space that had once been a dairy, but which the Bassins have transformed with charm and style into offices, tasting rooms, dining rooms, and kitchen. When you arrive, you are welcomed with a glass of wine as an aperitif.

Barry Bassin has a number of fine wines, too many to mention here, on his list—from California, France, and even Australia. Since I am not a retail wine merchant, I have tasted only a few; but I have been told by people who know because they sell wines that the name Bassin on a bottle is good news. One of the interesting Bassin wines is the Cabernet of the Jordan Winery in California's Sonoma Valley, an exquisite recreation of a Bordeaux winery which a very rich oil man established with the intention of making Bordeaux-style Cabernet Sauvignon in California. The place is really breathtakingly beautiful. As one man said to me, "This is what God would create if he had the money." And the wine is very good, though the first vintage was produced only in 1976.

Another interesting wine is the Napa Valley Gamay made by the Charles F. Shaw Vineyard and Winery. Chuck Shaw—a handsome blond WASP gentleman who did well as an international petroleum banker before he moved into the wine business—noticed the great American vogue for Beaujolais Nouveau (exaggerated, I think) and decided he could do as well making the best possible light red table wine in California. He has produced an excellent wine by an interesting combination of winemaking techniques (too complex to explain here, but I will gladly answer readers' questions), and, at one of the Bassins' luncheons, his wine went perfectly with the sausage *en croûte*.

At Barry and Carol Bassin's luncheons you not only get good wine and food, you also get to meet interesting people such as the aforesaid Chuck Shaw and Martin John Forde, an Englishman who decided he wanted to live in Chablis and make Chablis—an ambition with which I sympathize from the bottom of my heart. Mr. Forde became part of the Bacherot-Josselin Chablis producers, connected with Barry Bassin. At the luncheon we had his perfectly marvelous Chablis 1er Cru Montée de Tonnerre 1979, one of the seven Chablis his firm produces. I don't know the other ones, but to judge from the one I tasted, they must be good.

Invariably, at any wine tasting there is much talk of the way the wines are made and why they are made a certain way. To wine writers this is often very interesting. (Again, I will gladly give information to those who ask.) But my main practical interest is in discovering what a wine would taste like in home surroundings with home-cooked food. Going to the Bassins for lunch is like going to a friend's house, where your work becomes relaxation and fun.

Space forbids me to go into details about other Barry Bassin wines. But for lovers of *Gewürztraminer* like myself, I highly recommend the Alsatian Clos St. Landelin 1978. The wines mentioned are all in the $8 to $12 range and are excellent value. □

The GIMLET EYE

BLUE-COLLAR WOODSTOCK II

D. KEITH MANO

Vans are, above all, a family affair. Unlike the hot rod—that solo male emblem of 15 years ago—your van is designed for comfort and social interaction: not for competitive speed. The me generation has become an extended me: us. And most vans will be run day in, night out. The van fad, I suspect, is de-

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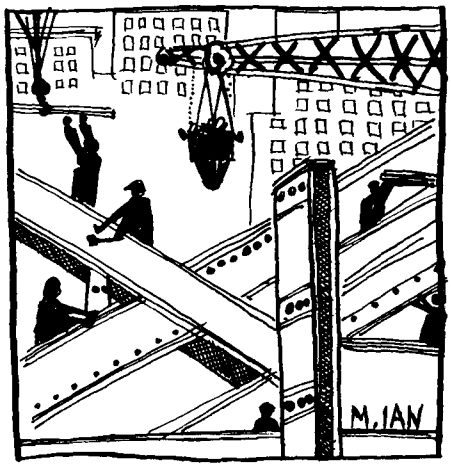
rivative of our national emphasis on service industry: repairmen who repair to the road on Friday night. It's a small-business accessory: office and warehouse and inexpensive motel room. Moreover—once bought—the van will provide very cheap amusement. At the North Fork Vans Truck-On-In you get —for 15 bucks, plus five per extra head —you get: games (adult and child); prizes; some algal swimming; wood enough to burn; sanitary facilities (shower included); two nights of rock band riffing; and, yaaaaaah, TIT!

That's all I hear: tit. "Let's see some tit." What is this, an entire subculture that got weaned too soon? Mencken's booboisie? Vanner sex is all honk and no duck: mostly a lot of men making it with their wives (perverse as that may seem in 1981). The T-shirt vulgarity (human bumperstickering) is no more than chest graffiti. Like traditional graffiti it engages an innocent onlooker in lewdness, in surprise. Yet the perpetrator can maintain a certain distance from his ambush: he need never acknowledge it. There is, for instance, much male mooning in North Fork: particularly by those fabulous Moon Brothers, who bend down and proffer their glutei maximi (one eyeball painted on each nate) at the drop of a trouser seat. But mooning, you capiche, is totally asexual. Mooning is insult, prank: and quite representative of truck-show sensuality, which rates between obscene phone calling and hot-foot.

Through all this, I sense that imperishable event: Woodstock. We have not forgotten it. Things that happened spontaneously then—nakedness, drugs, ephemeral nationhood—are middle-class here at last. Except for one factor: spontaneity. Shock and permissiveness have been printed on the agenda at North Fork Town. Drugs-will-be-sold-here. We-will-get-nude-at-six-P.M. They want to be with-it: if they know when and how It will come. The cool is closer to a sort of air-conditioning.

Over and over again they tell me: "If I wanna go nuts here I can. And no one'll bug me." That wasn't so with the flower and pig-blood generation. Peace, drugs, gay-lib, whatever: there was a message in their madness. Private freedoms weren't enough. The Establishment had to be taught; quirks had to be made public policy. But van people only want a place aside: sanctuary: a parallel civilization. Where the data processor can barf on his own feet; or the insurance agent can have a no-fault accident walking into some tree. Heck, midweek these folk *are* Establishment. Saturday self has nothing personal against Tuesday self. And, when they pull out of North Fork, there won't be one half-eaten tuna sandwich, one Pamper, one pop-top left on the ground.



Night has begun to fall: very slowly, like a postman's arches. Effffffff-plip! Effffffff-plip! Skyrockets sizzle up to frighten sunlight away. The band has begun tuning up, making up, wigging up. Children are trucked into bed. Ten, nine, eight, seven, six—you can hear the countdown to mass Mongoloidia. A restive beast is stretching.

"Sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll!"

An undergrowl shakes out: as though some intestine, some carnivorous and impatient organ were roaring its terrific want. Campfires flare eerie chiaroscuro: people are abruptly in half: expressionist, schizoid: bright on the left side; murder-dark on the right. A man done up entirely in Reynolds Wrap will ssssshush past me: he could jam Radio Free Europe by himself. Ralph the Geek has put his false head on backward. This is effective, disorienting. Particularly for Ralph, who has just gone rubber headfirst into a ditch. I'm scared: the turmoil feels threatening. People lie around blotto or just dead. In the unlit field sleeping bags might pass for body bags. Rock music has that peculiar ka-jung, screeee! of a canning factory. Vans back up at 20 mph in darkness. They do not see the body bags. And with music this strident you wouldn't hear a driven-over skull pop open.

"Whadda we want?" The lead guitarist is coaxing.

"Sex 'n' drugs 'n' rock 'n' roll!"

That on-cue response will perforate the night: again, again. Do they really want it? Oh, sure: maybe: a little. But mostly they want—from the root-cellar of their over-taxed and over-regulated spirits—mostly they want one moment that is, dammit, *irresponsible*. Without inventory or time clock or mortgage payment. Even at 3 A.M., when the shank of the evening (whatever that is) has gone and campfires are embery—even then, all of a suddenness, a four-hundred-pound man begins to boogie. Flaccid, yet powerful; tormented by his weight. They make room for him: two hundred dancers go still. He fights it, fights his flesh—like one of Michelangelo's slaves, half free from stone—no, like all of us, overburdened and sick to here—to *here*—with it. The band will help him. They are brilliant: they play him by ear: they accompany his great defiance. It is an awesome solo. He rages at his own terrific gravity: battling out, up: for one second—lightened, light. Then down: it will not let him go. But the rebellion has been manly. And tremendous.

Five A.M. Six young men run nude through the field, saved by a drunk's luck from eager broken glass. Truck-On-In-'80 is over. I start for my motel. Mr. Chug-A-Lug lies, just short of a Port-O-San, face down in poison ivy. I stop. I tug someone's blanket across his back.

After all, on Monday he may be assembling my new TV set. Or he may be snaking your sewer pipe out. I couldn't do those things. Could you, Wise Face? Let him sleep if he can. He deserves a weekend in Nowhere. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

UNFINISHED TALES OF NUMENOR AND MIDDLE-EARTH, *by J. R. R. Tolkien, edited by Christopher Tolkien (Houghton Mifflin, 472 pp., $15).* "The problems that confront one given responsibility for the writings of a dead author are hard to resolve" —thus Christopher Tolkien, discussing whether these writings should be given to his father's public. He concluded, obviously (and, I think, correctly), that they should. First, they will appeal to the com-

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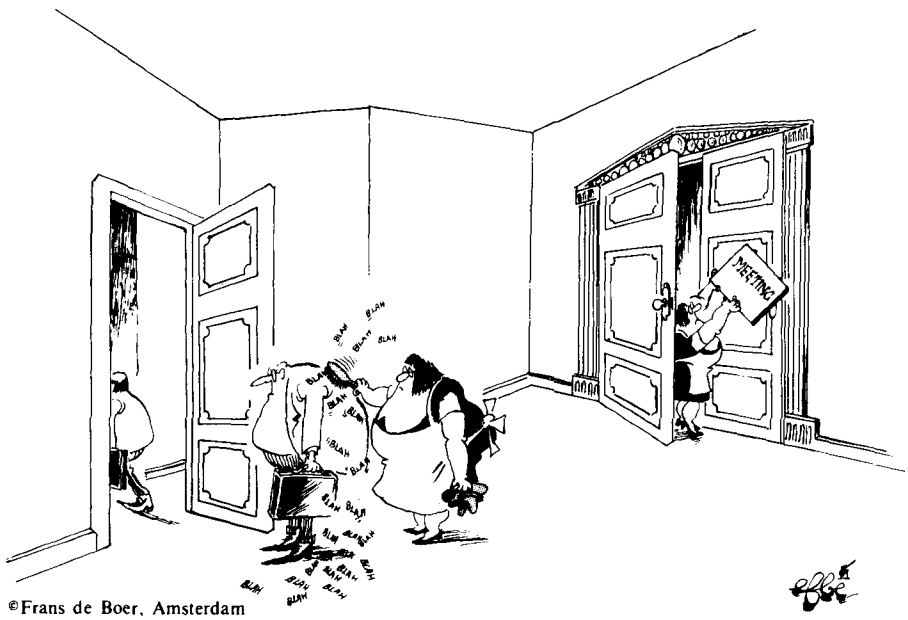
pleat Tolkienian—the reader who rereads not only *The Lord of the Rings* but the most recondite of its appendices—though, to be sure, the new material lacks that peculiar compony of feigned history, languages, philosophy, poetry, and hobbits that characterizes Tolkien's great work. Second (and to my mind more important), they will, through that appeal, lead at least some of their readers more deeply into that philosophical—or even theological—realm where the heritage of the True West will mix and mingle with our own Western heritage, to our enrichment, and theirs. For the mind of Ronald Tolkien was both spacious and conservative, and even these lesser bits of his creation are no small things. JARED LOBDELL

THE WORLD OF OZ: *An Inside Report on Big-Time Journalism by the Former Editor of Newsweek, by Osborn Elliott (Viking, 253 pp., illustrated, $14.95).* Osborn Elliott's career as an editor spanned the late Fifties, the Sixties, and nearly all of the Seventies, during which time the news magazine hit the top of its form—in style of graphics, writing, and photography. One may wonder, indeed, whether the Golden Age of the news magazines was due to an abundance of good stories, or to the way in which those stories were handled. Elliott seems to believe the former, although after reading his book it certainly seems as if the latter were true. His memoir has all the virtues and vices of news magazines: detail work, generalization, fey attempts at analysis, and an overriding desire to place everything in instant historical perspective. Elliott's bias is strongly liberal, and because he more or less determined what went into *Newsweek*, the stuff of his memoir is familiar. Here are the usual banalities about "Black and White," America as a land of "anger and frustration," Nixon's term in office as "The Mean Years." Vietnam and Cambodia were all our fault, and the typical balderdash about Watergate and student protest is duly repeated. Mixed in with the high-toned seriousness is a surprising amount of triviality. But *The World of Oz* would be just another collection of liberal chin music, sonorities, and platitudes were it not for the fact that Elliott can tell something about other journalists he knew. Out of deference to friendship, Elliott has no doubt left out a lot, but he is able to record his dealings with the Grahams, Philip and Katharine, with a certain candor, as well as his relationship to various *Newsweek* correspondents and editors. Still, *The World of Oz* is less than meets the eye: it is all Big Event. JOE MYSAK

THE OPPRESSED MIDDLE: *Politics of Middle Management, by Earl Shorris (Anchor Press/Doubleday, 393 pp., $13.95).* The dustjacket proclaims that this book "is not anti-business, but pro-human." If that has not already made you wary, consider this excerpt: "Totalitarianism in America works in subtle ways. It is effected from without, but it takes place within each man, almost always in silence. It has no flag but the company logotype and no weapons but paychecks, promotions, and the promise of happiness." See what the revival of conservatism has wrought? Bertram Gross recently warned that "friendly fascism" is just around the corner. Shorris contends it is the ethic that supports the corporate structure. Americans are puppets manipulated by high priests of business, who define happiness and also direct other people's lives in its aimless pursuit. The real martinets, however, are white-collar eunuchs whose very existence is defined by the corporate concept of self-preservation. At least the blue-collar worker can enjoy a life apart from his shift. The harried middle-manager is suspended within a vortex of gamesmanship, deceit, and duplicity that ensures perpetual anxiety and abject subservience to the company. To survive he becomes an ethical nihilist. By contrast, the contemplative man sees that the objective of management is mindless obedience and rejects its insidious design. Managers of the corporate world, unite and revolt—you have nothing to lose but your jobs.
ALAN L. MILLER



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MODERNIZING THE MOUNTAINEER, *by David E. Whisnant (Burt Franklin, 296 pp., $18.95).* This particular edition is part of the publishing house's cultural-heritage series and includes bibliographical references and index. It is not written with the goal of providing entertaining anecdotes of a quaint region (Appalachia) but is a serious study of efforts—well-meaning and otherwise—to restore some measure of prosperity to a region long exploited as a source of energy. It should be required reading for all public officials and community planners in newly developing energy regions of the West. For Whisnant, a displaced child of Appalachia, the book is both a labor of love and a catharsis. It is, in Whisnant's words, "a record of an attempt to come to terms with the complex history of both self and region, neither of which can be distinguished entirely from the other." The author is obviously disturbed by what he terms "the condescendingly middle-class missionary attitude" of those who set out in an attempt to solve the problems of Appalachia. As he makes a detailed study of some of the agencies that have done so, Whisnant concludes: "One comes away from reading these studies and analyzing the programs suspecting that Al Capp must have been commissioned to write Appalachia's history." The Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), the Area Redevelopment Administration (ARA), the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), and the Appalachian Regional Commission (ARC) are among the agencies that Whisnant studies with a sharply critical eye, as is one religious organization, the Council of the Southern Mountains. In concluding his study, Whisnant says: "As a variety of organic connections between cultural and regional development continued to emerge, I at length concluded that regional development must finally be understood as cultural drama rather than technocratic enterprise. It is an arena in which the dynamics of conflict are set at the deepest spiritual, psychic, and cultural levels." As a reviewer I must conclude that Whisnant is certainly not an unbiased analyst, but as a child of Appalachia, and having had first-hand experience of some of the agencies he discusses, I applaud his efforts and recommend his book to all aspiring do-gooders in any region from Appalachia to Africa. NORMA B. HAWES

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

LIFE ISN'T FAIR, but the fact that we have been denied the recriminations we were promised following the debacle in Vietnam seems excessively unjust. People really shouldn't be allowed to consign whole regions of the world to Communist enslavement without answering a few questions about why they did it.

In this respect, it is good to note that we are beginning to develop a body of literature addressing the neglected subject, Who lost Vietnam? And while there are many parties who bear a share of the responsibility, the more we learn about the conduct of the war and the way it was reported, the more it seems the principal villains are our old acquaintances, the liberal media.

Part of this unpleasant saga has been recounted by Peter Braestrup, formerly of the *New York Times* and the *Washington Post*, in his monumental study, *Big Story*, reviewed here February 17, 1978. Braestrup proved beyond all peradventure that the major media, including his former employers, misreported the Tet offensive of 1968, converting a solid military victory for South Vietnam and the United States into a propaganda victory for the Communists.

Now we have a study, less voluminous but equally persuasive, of another famous episode of the Vietnam conflict —the December 1972 bombing raids against Hanoi, designed to force the North Vietnamese to the bargaining table. In *The Prestige Press and the Christmas Bombing, 1972* (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1211 Connecticut Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $5), Martin Herz and Leslie Rider of Georgetown University show that, precisely as in the Tet affair, we were fed massive doses of misinformation which dovetailed nicely with the program of the enemy.

As reported by the *Times*, *Post*, major news magazines, and TV networks, the Christmas bombing came over as a barbarous attack on the helpless civilian population of Hanoi, risking the lives of U.S. pilots and serving no useful military purpose. The point was driven home by constant reference to so-called "carpet bombing" by B-52s, repetition of Hanoi's claims of horrendous civilian damage, and lengthy quotations from antiwar protestors and those foreign critics who denounced the bombing.

Herz and Rider show, among other things, that allegations of "carpet bombing" and enormous civilian damage were untrue. The bombing was scrupulously targeted on military objectives; targets in difficult proximity to civilian areas were hit by F-4s, not B-52s; flight plans were drawn (at further risk to our pilots) to avoid civilian casualties, of which there were comparatively few. In fact, after the bombing was over, the city of Hanoi was relatively unscathed. None of this was made clear to the American public at the time.

IF THE weakening of our national resolve in Vietnam caused by the media can for the most part be put down to simple ignorance, the same cannot be said about the current effort to undercut our strategy overseas, particularly the on-going crusade of Philip Agee and others like him to destroy our intelligence forces. That much more sinister elements are involved in this campaign is the message of *Broken Seals*, a staff report from Western Goals (309A Cameron Street, Alexandria, Va. 22314; $4), a foundation specializing in internal-security matters and headed by Representative Lawrence McDonald (D., Ga.).

Broken Seals, which has an introduction by Representative John Ashbrook (R., Ohio) and an afterword by Lieutenant General Daniel Graham, offers copious documentation showing that the anti-intelligence crusade is largely the handiwork of an interlocking directorate of far-left groups and individuals, a number of them (Agee, the late Orlando Letelier, etc.) with linkages to Communist Cuba—curious bedfellows for those who claim to be worried about the protection of civil liberties. □

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RODMAN
(Continued from page 224)

Allende's overthrow. When Jorge Edwards showed him the manuscript of his eye-opening book about Castro's Cuba, *Persona Non Grata*, Pablo urged him to publish it—which he then did, as you know. It was the repression of the intellectuals under Fidel's cultural czar, Nicolas Guillén, that opened our eyes."

It would be easy to say, as many do, that the intellectuals change their protective coloration with the change of political season. More charitably, it could be said that the disillusionment with Marxism is deeper this time than when Hungary and Czechoslovakia were invaded by Soviet tanks, and that Peruvian intellectuals, like Szyszlo, now recognize in Belaúnde's courageous integrity a phenomenon to be proud of.

IV.

Flying back to Lima from Ayacucho I sat next to an engineer and mineowner. I asked him how things had been in the decade between Belaúnde's two terms. "The trouble with the military," he said, "was that they put their own people in charge of the industries they took over, and the military doesn't know how to run *anything*, not even a platoon of soldiers! If Belaúnde doesn't do another thing," he added, "he'd be honored for replacing those fools with competent civilians."

Army: Lying Low

I asked him whom Belaúnde had to fear this time. "Armando Villanueva," he said, "who used to head Haya de la Torre's bodyguard, 'the Buffaloes,' and now heads the majority faction of APRA [the Popular American Revolutionary Alliance]. But only if the army joins him; and the army is lying very low these days. It remains paranoid about its old enemy APRA, though Villanueva is actually to the *right* of most officers." I remembered Belaúnde telling me in 1966 that in any showdown the "social-minded" army would be on his side. He won't make that mistake again.

One flaw in Belaúnde's character may be his romantic attachment to *machismo*. His taste for bullfights, the duel he fought with sabres on a rooftop against a political foe who had called him a liar, must be balanced against such valorous acts as having forced the dictator Odria to back down in 1956 by leading a band of a thousand followers through teargas to the gates of the National Palace. When I suggested that he stage Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* annually in the square at Cajamarca—where, on Saturday, October 16, 1532, Pizarro treacherously massacred Atahualpa's six-thousand-man bodyguard and seized the unsuspecting Inca—Belaúnde's eyes flashed. "Those were the bravest, most indomitable men who ever lived . . . Their spirit is part of Peru! We must not divide the Spanish heritage from the greatness of the Indians."

Fortunately, when he speaks of the Indians' greatness he means it. His travels through the Andes on horseback and on foot in order "not to lose the sense of human perspective" have been recorded in poetic detail. He insists that the Incaic sense of collective responsibility must be reawakened. He rhapsodizes over the great aqueducts and

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andenes, whose builders "did not mistreat the topography but seemed rather to caress it." There is an unforgettable story of a trip on a jungle riverboat, where he met an Indian who had lost both hands while working on the Pucallpa highway; one shares Belaúnde's anger when he speaks of the "glacial indifference" of governments that fail to indemnify such victims. One of his first acts after becoming president was to see that the Indian received a pension.

At our second meeting last October I could sense that Belaúnde was anxious to hear about my visits to the Indian ceramic artisans of Ayacucho. "Our folklore and craftsmen in the folk arts," he said, "represent what is most valuable in Peruvian culture today. They are the only poets in touch with reality. They are the real Peru."

Down on the Farm

"Do you remember that old World War I song," I said, "which begins, 'How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm, now that they've seen Paree?' Substitute Lima for Paris, and tell me what you are going to do with the millions who have left their Andean farms? And the millions more who may be on their way during your second term?"

"We can't turn the clock back," he said. "Most of those millions are here to stay and we must try to provide jobs for them, jobs in the private sector. But we *can* arrest the flow into the cities. First by stopping the inflationary surge. We must remove artificial devices for keeping prices low, even though temporarily that may cause another surge. But it must be done in order to implement our basic approach: creating better productivity, better marketing facilities, better—"

"If you do, won't you be attracting still more of the dispossessed into Lima?"

"That's the dilemma. To give employment to these millions in the *barriadas* might further drain the provinces. So we must at the same time decentralize, build resources and know-how up there. The basic idea is a modification of my original Marginal Highway—to complete the access roads to those eastern slopes of the Andes that are closest to Lima; to create a breadbasket there capable of *keeping* food prices down."

I asked him if he intended to return any of the expropriated oil lands, mines, or sugar estates to their former owners.

He shook his head. "The wells and refinery at Talara have a national historical importance and will be maintained in the hands of Petroperu; but Minister Kuczinski is about to approve a new system for foreign incentive in new offshore drilling, offering investors the option of paying a high rate of taxes on their utilities or reinvesting in Peru and decreasing their taxes. For the first time Peru has become a net exporter of oil. The revenues from that exportation should help pay for the development of the untapped trans-Andean resources in oil, minerals, lumber, and food that are Peru's future. The sugar estates are not doing well. But we're going to challenge them to do better by opening new lands to sugar cultivation beyond the Andes and building three sugar mills there. The fields will be farmed by the Indians cooperatively."

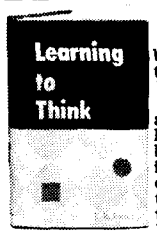
I asked Belaúnde what he had learned from the coup.

"Many things. But first and foremost not to depend so much on foreign trade. We are now going to try to take care of ourselves first. Soft loans repayable in *soles* are satisfactory but we are not going to get into further indebtedness."

Two days later, in Quito, Ecuador, I asked John Davis, a long-time resident of Peru whose wife is Peruvian and who knows Belaúnde well, whether he believed our friend in Lima would survive his second term in office. "I think so," he said. "He's so popular he's in a position to ask people to make sacrifices. And without sacrifices, how do you stop inflation? The Communists are fragmented. APRA is hopelessly split. And perhaps most important of all, the majority of the students, once Marxists to a man, now believe in Belaúnde." □

LEARNING TO THINK

By E. R. Emmett



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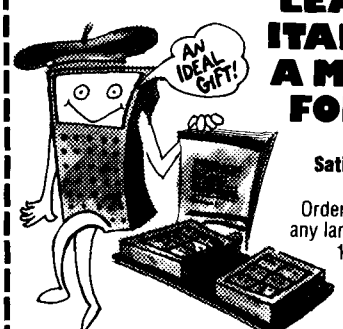

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All Eyes on Poland

On The Right

New York, Feb. 6—When you come down to it, the biggest show in town is: the developing situation in Poland. Concerning which, a few observations:

1. Writing in 1954, Whittaker Chambers predicted that the future of the West's relations with the Soviet Union would best be understood by closely examining the role of Cardinal Wyszynski in Poland. The Cardinal managed to keep the Church alive in Poland while his brother churchmen in other Iron Curtain countries were neutralized. Elsewhere, Chambers (who emerges as the most prophetic Western writer of the postwar generation) reminded us that "to live is to maneuver." Consider that phrase in the light of,

2. The recent visit of Lech Walesa to Pope John Paul II. By all odds the most theatrical encounter in modern politics. Here—suddenly—you have the first Polish pope in history. A man who has wrestled with the day-to-day problems of life as a satellite subject of the Soviet empire (which term, introduced by President Reagan at his Cabinet meeting, has that appeal which only instantly perceived reality can invest). His responsibility—under his superior, Cardinal Wyszynski—had been to keep the Church alive; to make it possible for schoolchildren to learn about the legacy of Christianity; to administer the sacraments. Here he is now, face to face with the only man successfully to have defied Communist authority in the postwar world, in his own country, as leader of a mass movement—and what does the Polish pope counsel the Polish union leader to do? To remain a member of the Communist system, not to flaunt his rejection of basic Communist principles; not, in a word, to challenge the authority of the regime.

One thinks back to 1948, when the Christian Democrats and the Communists were fighting for the soul of Italy. On that occasion Pope Pius XII issued a writ of automatic excommunication of any Catholic who voted for the Communists or who aided or abetted them in their work. That interdict has never been disavowed. A canonical lawyer given to eristic advocacy could theoretically prove that by giving such advice as the present pope gave to Walesa, the Pope excommunicated himself from the Catholic Church. Ridiculous, of course: but only that grand mosaic of paradoxes and accommodations can account for the survival of the Church over the centuries. And indeed, perhaps they are testimony to its providential mission.

3. So Walesa goes back to Poland, having humbled himself before the Pope, and the first thing you know, Solidarity kicks up another strike. The labor unions want several things. The first is a five-day work week; the second, an end to censorship; the third, access to the public press. Meanwhile, students at Lodz, the second largest Polish city, are occupying university buildings. Ten thousand students. Their demands are that they be relieved of the obligation of attending compulsory classes in Marxism; that, and free speech (not the kind of Free Speech demanded by the students at Berkeley in 1965; the Polish students are demanding the right to utter not profanities, but pieties).

THE West has advanced $20 billion in credits to Poland over the past twenty years, and the Polish economy is a wreck. The Communist leadership concludes from this that obviously the Poles must continue to work a six-day week—you don't ease the working schedule of a man who isn't earning enough to live on. But of course the answer to this is that the reason the Polish economy has faltered isn't the lassitude of its working class, but the preposterous socialist arrangements by which they are enslaved. Such arrangements, decreed by Marxism and its current disciples, as are being compulsorily taught at Lodz. Those Polish farmers who are permitted to cultivate their own plots are ten times as productive as the collectivized farmers.

But, of course, questions such as these cannot be ventilated without a free press. The moment you have a free press, the truth has a chance to emerge. It doesn't *necessarily* emerge (look at the British who support Tony Benn); but it has a chance to emerge. And the last thing the Soviet empire can stand is to look truth in the face. If Lenin looked in the mirror, he would today see an image alongside which Dorian Gray's was Adonis.

4. So what now? Chambers said: "Those who remain in the world, if they will not surrender on its terms, must maneuver within its terms. That is what conservatives must decide: how much to give in order to survive at all; how much to give in order not to give up the basic principles. And, of course, that results in a dance along a precipice. Many will drop over, and, always, the cliff-dancers will hear the screaming curses of those who fall, or be numbed by the sullen silence of those, nobler souls perhaps, who will not join the dance." □

REAGAN'S PLIGHT

New York, Feb. 9—Mr. Peter Peterson of Lehman Brothers has a graphic way with figures, and it is not surprising under the circumstances that London's *Economist*, itself very much at home in the field, should lean on Peterson for vivid imagery. For instance, in its recent treatment of the problems facing President Reagan, *The Economist* gives a single example of the involution of America's values during the past decade or two: "New York has been reducing the guards on its two-murders-a-month subways because of an inflation increased by clean-air regulations designed to save people from one more cough every 3,300 years."

To back up a ways.

From 1870 to 1950 the productivity of the United States rose at an average annual rate of 1.8 per cent. By contrast, Britain's rose by 1.2 per cent; Germany's by 1.1 per cent; Japan's by 1 per cent. "This bare 0.6 to 0.8 per cent annual lead, compounded over eighty years, brought the United States up from log-cabin slave-trader to the economic and political leadership of the world."

But beginning shortly after 1950, and accelerating greatly during the decades of the Sixties and Seventies, the United States discovered Other Values. There are of course other values, and John Kenneth Galbraith, in his seminal book *The Affluent Society*, reminded us of these in a polemic that peaked with that wonderful sentence about the American family of the future finding itself in a cerise-colored fin-tailed convertible picnicking alongside the banks of a fetid lake being eaten by mosquitoes and breathing carcinogenic air —or something of the sort. There soon

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began a revolt against technology and enterprise the paradoxical result of which is that there is less and less money around to give us that liberty of action without which we are slowly presiding over America's pauperization. In the last three decades, Americans' annual average productivity has been lower by 3 to 5 per cent than West Germany's and Japan's, for reasons not much more complicated than that regulation has become king over here, while over there—in countries that, e.g., have no capital-gains tax whatever—productivity is encouraged.

Who, twenty years ago, would have guessed the full nature of the plight of Detroit? Because Japan's plant is six or seven years "younger" (the result of investment and tax policies that keep plants modern), Toyota can make nine engines per employee-day versus Ford's two. Because Toyota's warehouses are automated, Toyota needs to carry only a one-hour in-plant inventory while Ford carries three weeks'. Thirty years ago, you could envision the New England Thruway and proceed to begin building it a year later. Today if you want to begin a nuclear power plant you'll need to wait approximately 14 years before you can expect it to begin operating. If during the interval you will be paying 20 per cent interest on the money you borrow, the cost is—well, out of sight.

The Economist has one recommendation with which a few conservatives (myself included) are completely in sympathy. Try to remember these basic figures: The U.S. produces 22 per cent of the gross world product (compared to 39 per cent in 1950). It uses 49 per cent of the world's gasoline. I.e., over twice what its productivity would suggest. This is because we tax gasoline at approximately one-tenth the rate that our allies do. The only thing one remembers about John Anderson gladly is that he favored a fifty-cent tax on a gallon of gasoline.

WHAT is the priority, then, for President Reagan?

In World War II, FDR created a "production czar." The idea was to vest in a single agency the power to allocate priorities. We were at war, and these priorities had to be laid down and observed.

It is time to install another czar, this one charged with tracking down regulations of all kinds—fiscal, regulatory, bureaucratic—and packaging them up for euthanasia at the hands of the President or Congress, according as is appropriate under the law. *The Economist*, using language better suited to a country whose traditions are imperial, permits itself to say, "the Reagan Administration should also send Congress on long holidays so that it breeds less legislation. It should recognize that mandated expenditure now overstrains America more than government expenditure. And please, let poor Chrysler die."

Well, the President can't tell Congress when to adjourn. But he can present to Congress an ambitious program aimed at increasing U.S. productivity—the first goal. Cut high marginal tax rates, eliminate capital-gains taxes, freeze and roll back environmental restrictions. Disband "other regulators, down to the stock exchange censors who say that the language of new issue prospectuses must be mainly devoted to scaring investors off." Return responsibility for the environment to the states: "the states which prefer to stay Sierra-like will then lose all the investments and jobs." An exciting agenda. □

ALPHA AND INTERNAL SECURITY

New York, Feb. 18—You have read about the new Soviet submarine? It is called *Alpha*, it is capable of traveling at three thousand feet below sea level, i.e., two thousand feet deeper than our own submarines. And it can speed along at—fifty miles per hour, which means a race between it and our torpedoes would be roughly even.

You have read that Senator Strom Thurmond has proposed reconstituting the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee? This proposal has brought howls from all those congressmen and critics who recall that McCarthyism ruined this country, even if they are a little shaky in recalling just how. What on earth would an Internal Security Committee do? one critic asks. After all, we're at peace, aren't we?

You may *not* have read (unless you subscribe to *Science* magazine) about the DeVimy Test Lab Limited, or about Peter Virag; or about Jacob Kelmer. Permit me:

Peter Virag is a Canadian attorney who left Hungary in 1957, which was a good time to leave Hungary. He is Jewish and a friend of Israel. In 1972 he incorporated at an address near Montreal a firm called DeVimy Test Lab Limited, which would devote itself to the manufacture and test of integrated circuits.

In order to start up his enterprise, Virag ordered a whole mess of sophisticated computer equipment from various firms in California. Equipment so sophisticated and so useful potentially to anyone engaged in the development of military technology that its export to the Communist nations is barred under the law.

In the interval between 1972 and 1978, it gradually transpired that the DeVimy Test Lab Limited was the smallest test lab in the whole world, existing only in its incorporation papers. The California hot-technology material would arrive in Montreal, and be delivered to a customs broker. The customs broker had instructions to ship it to a firm in Amsterdam. From Amsterdam the goods sometimes were flown directly to East Germany, sometimes to Prague; sometimes they just disappeared.

Was Virag a Commie? No. He did what he did at the instigation of Jacob Kelmer, an Israeli businessman operating out of Haifa, who appealed to Virag's pro-Israel sentiments—Virag believed the hot goods were going to the defense of Israel. Payments for the goods were made through money shipments to Swiss banks—where the upstream trail ended for American investigators, because Swiss banks don't talk. An Albany, New York grand jury indicted Kelmer, but an Albany, New York grand jury doesn't have effective jurisdiction over Haifa businessmen, and it is not known (to this writer, or to *Science* magazine) just what the Israelis have done with, or to, Kelmer.

An isolated case? Commerce Department investigators have discovered at least fifty such cases of contrived diversions for the Soviet Union of high-technology material manufactured in the United States and specifically prohibited from export to the Communists. And they estimate that there have been several times fifty infractions of the law. In other words, that it is about as easy to smuggle high technology out of the United States as it is to smuggle drugs into the United States.

There is a large list of the hot stuff we know of that has leaked through to the Soviet Union. It includes strategic laser equipment, sent to a man in Vienna who claimed to be a professor directing a research institute affiliated with a university; however, the institute's address turned out to be the apartment of the "professor," and the material, for all we know, went into the manufacture of that submarine. Nor is it all innocent at the U.S. end. Frances and Walter Spawr are two patriots who own Spawr Optical Research Inc. in Corona, California, and they have been convicted of exporting copper water-cooled mirrors to Switzerland and West Germany for reshipment to the Soviet Union. Investigation disclosed that the principal initiating purchaser was the physics institute of Moscow University, and they wanted the mirrors for particle beam and laser research to be used—for Soviet anti-satellite weapons, presumably.

Is it really a waste of time for a congressional committee to inquire into this mess, propose remedial legislation, and devote itself to this one concrete lesion in the national security? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Family visited by Huckleberry Finn — 20 146 151 137 50 226 13 149 162 169 / 178

B. What Mary Magdalene discovered — 38 14 63 203 93 36 188 1 184

C. An appropriate name for a cabdriver — 44 22 206 104 107 115 129 75 181 196 / 174 79 89 134

D. IRON SWAB — 54 195 154 17 94 145 119 212

E. Gerald R. Ford's hometown — 83 31 60 112 172 177 183 219 19 58 / 102

F. A compass point — 87 213 227 67

G. What an ass has — 121 218 167 130 192 47 140

H. Years between Declaration and Gettysburg Address — 128 49 113 37 118 147 161 131 159 200 / 216

I. Wept — 3 15 29 52 70 96

J. I took thee from the ____, from following the sheep, to be ruler over... Israel (*II Sam.* 7:8). — 143 21 100 126 220 39 53 179 204

K. Enlightenment — 160 156 215 190 222 10 28 66 81 148 / 117

L. A legal holiday — 185 64 123 120 211 30 176 2

M. *Flashing* — 205 55 32 101 150 135 193 97

N. An appropriate name for a congressional mailman — 132 35 62 224 170 41 56 23 144

O. Thine ____ cities gleam — 9 18 24 73 76 61 7 34 46

P. The religion of Haitian negroes — 214 57 108 194 122 133

Q. Veterans — 40 207 114 59 189 5 110 98

R. A Western farm — 65 208 125 225 199

S. A city in Hardin Co., Iowa — 74 210 116 164 191 202 221 85 6

T. The inventor of electric automatic signal devices for railroads and highways — 103 11 16 69 84 124 141 158 197 201

U. A city east of Los Angeles — 106 86 163 180 155 198 12

V. A clothier's name — 71 8 26 43 105 109 45 182 80 99 / 90 136

W. Prevention — 95 77 127 111 223 187 142 168 165

X. The mayor of New York City — 153 78 27 175

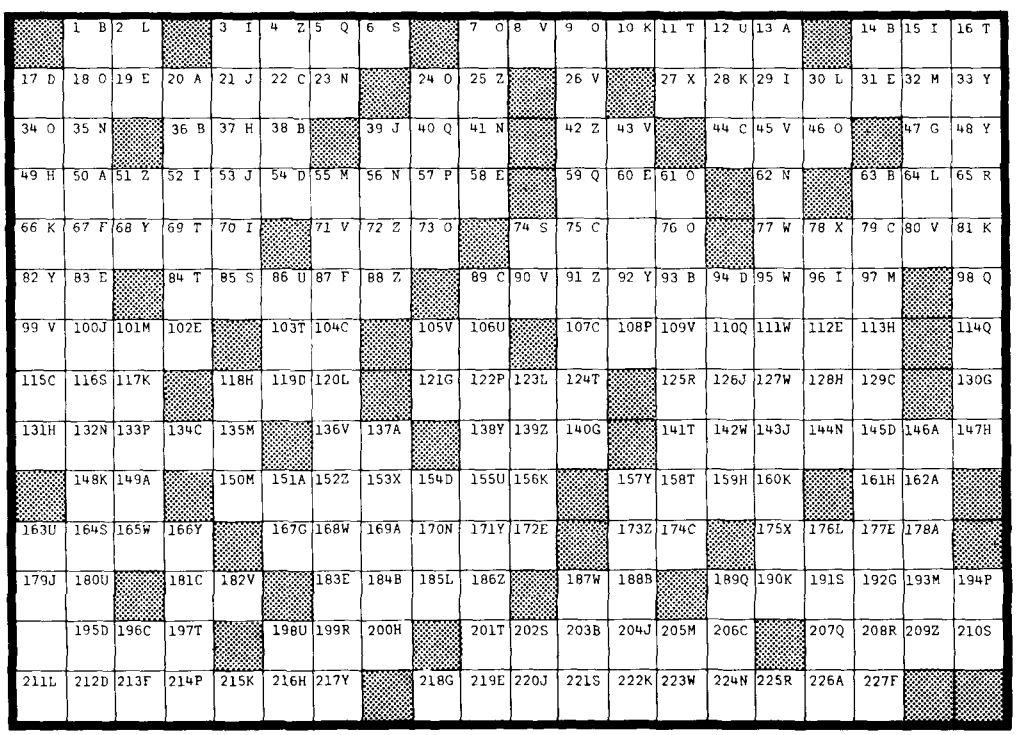
Y. All — 171 33 48 92 166 138 157 68 82 217

Z. The bootblack — 173 51 72 91 25 139 42 152 186 209 / 4 88

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 242 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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